The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HE KNOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Go your way—leave me at rest—
  Here man shall seldom come
To scare the ground-bird from her nest,
  Or still the wild bee's hum;
Here shall the sweet white clover creep
Round me while I sleep.

Here am I safe from wintry weather
  From ev'ry wind that blows:
I and my tired heart together—
  Tired enough God knows!
He knows the burdens we have borne,
Cross and crown of thorn.

E. A. M.

AN OLD LOVE'S SECOND WOOING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

MAUD THANE ATTEMPTS TO RING FOR HELP.

No wonder he loved her. She was a lovable little thing, with her dainty ways, piquant graces and deep womanly tenderness. Bad as he was, he owned her sweet charm. And when she dropped on the library table the great burden of Christmas holly under which she had been half buried, he silently vowed that Maud Thane should become Maud Fairfax, with or without her consent.

The sound of his footstep crossing the room drew her eyes from the green leaves and scarlet berries which she was touching with caressing fingers and worshipping smile. A nervous start first greeted him, and her tones were anything but flattering as she exclaimed:

"Mr. Fairfax, is it your wraith or your very self that I behold? Did I or did I not see you off for Edley with Aunt Lute and Cousin Mark something less than an hour ago?"

"I framed an excuse and came back, Maud. You are such a will-o'-the-wisp that I was reduced to strategic measures in order to secure a private interview with you. Nay, do not run away," and he placed a detaining hand on hers. "I *must* speak, Maud, and you must listen."

She withdrew her hand, pricking her fingers sharply as she nervously moved the holly branches. Trouble was written on every feature, but she remained silent; the handsome face of Eldon Fairfax a study in its passion and inflexible determination as he gazed down upon her.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Maud?" he continued. "You know for what I have been silently pleading during the three weeks I have been your cousin's guest."

"Nothing! Nothing! Why do you ask?" she returned with a passionate vehemence he remembered well. "The past is dead—forever dead! Let it go. I cannot graft it on the present! I thought you would understand that, and spare yourself and me."

"Maud, for your sake I have been a wanderer on the earth, for your sake I returned to my native land, and for your sake I stand a guest under this roof. To-morrow I must go. Let me bear away some little hope for the future. Give me back the troth you broke, darling, and I will wait, patiently wait its fulfillment."

She lifted her eyes to his, answering with increased vehemence:

"I cannot! I *will not!* I do not love you. Would you take a loveless wife to your bosom, Eldon Fairfax?"

"Yes! A thousand times yes, if the wife be Maud Thane!" he replied in deep, concentrated tones. "On my heart you would learn the sweet lesson of love."

Her eyes dropped to the scarlet berries again, and her words were a calm dismissal of the subject.

"Such a wife I never will be, rest assured!"

Had his love been less, or greater, this would have been considered decisive. But hidden beneath his entreaties was a curious sense of his right to claim her affection and submission. He had never forgotten that they, or rather their semblance, had once been given, and half-unconsciously founded thereon a power over her which he had no disposition to find questioned. Consequently his temper flashed unwisely at her last words.

"You are hard and cold!" he cried. "You fooled me with your love, and then cast me off without a word of explanation, unless the cool intimation that I was not quite an angel should have been received as such."

"You forget yourself; I will leave you," Maud quietly returned.

"Not yet, Maud!" And he threw himself before her. Her lip curled, but she made no attempt to pass him, and he continued with increasingly bitter emphasis: "I would remind you that you loved me once—loved me even as I love you. But in Maud Thane's eyes it is a deplorable thing, it seems, to be molded of common clay."

He hardly liked the full gaze of the eyes turned upon him, and he liked still less the accompanying words:

"It is a bad thing to be worse than common clay—you should know how bad. I grant you that. Now listen!" And she was grandly proud as she held him with her gaze. "I never loved you! I told you so long ago, and to-day could cut off this hand of mine in loathing of myself that it ever rested willingly in yours."

He grasped the hand stretched disdainfully toward him and drew a pace nearer.

"You did not love me? You forget, sweet, that the cool damask of these cheeks was often tinted into ruddy crimson under my kisses! You forget that these lips were always at my wayward will! You forget that I toyed as I would with the soft brown hair that many a time and oft lay against my heart, and rose and fell with its heavy throbbings! Your memory is short, sweet. Don't say again you never loved me, or else tell me what it was, if not love!"

Maud, shuddering at the exaggerated picture he had drawn with such concentrated passion and cool audacity, wrenched her hand from his cruel grasp. But she stood undaunted, leaning easily on the back of a chair swiftly drawn between them. Her eyes measured him from head to foot, and then she spoke.

"Truly Eldon Fairfax is a wooer of whom any high-toned woman might be proud!"

The keen sarcasm was maddening, and he advanced a step.

"Stand back!" she haughtily commanded, retreating the step. "Stand back! You are quite too near me already; but I have something more to say, and must endure. There are certain things in regard to that past which you should be made to understand. As I told you when I bade you leave me years ago, I was fascinated by the wealth of love with which you tempted me. All the brightness had faded from my life, and you came to me with the care and tenderness for which I was perishing, laying the gifts of your genius at my feet, and deceiving me into believing you goodness itself. I was not easily won. You never attracted my affections with that strong force by which heart answers to heart. Scarcely a common thought of you had ruffled my life when you came with your avowal and the untiring devotion you have learned so well how to bestow; and thus my intuitions, which warned at first, were lulled into insensibility, and I became your promised wife."

"That you know well. Now I will tell you a thing you do not know—a thing of which I did not care to speak on the day of our parting. I, too, will paint a picture.

"I recall a night balmy as midsummer, the moon at its full. The clock was on the stroke of ten when you left me, and the lamp of my kind hostess just vanishing from the stairs. So I was alone there with my busy thoughts, the low whispering of the south wind, and the fragrant breath of flower and balm. I can still see how white the yellow daffodils looked under the moon, and trace the pretty shadows the leaves painted on the porch floor.

"You remember the old vine-draped porch, and the great beds of valley lilies and white violets beside it? I do! and for years I hated their fragrance—and would yet, but for the knowledge that has taught me they are emblems of things so pure and holy, that no shadow of yours should come between me and their loveliness. But I digress. You would be absent a month you said when you left me, and I sat there thinking of the weary hours which must make it, when a tiny figure crept cautiously from the shadow of alders, and dropped at my feet.

"I need not limn that visitor's portrait very carefully. You must remember the wax-doll face, with the great loving blue eyes, and shower of flaxen curls. You must remember the love-light in those eyes, since it could not be quenched by all the hot tears I saw them shed.

"Perhaps you suspect that she spoke of you? She did. She spoke eloquently too—far more eloquently than the insipid face gave promise that she would speak."

"And you listened to her," Fairfax interrupted, passionately.

"Wait, if you please," she imperiously commanded—and again her powerful will ruled him. "She told me a tale, this fair young girl, scarcely past her sweet childhood. A tale I need not repeat to one who knows her story only too well. Nor need I speak of poor Effie's resting-place. But you do not know that Maud Thane's slender purse yearly disbursed a portion of its contents for the comfortable support of the victim of your base vanity. I tell you this because I was the unhappy cause of the anguish that sent her from her humble home to tenant a little room in the insane asylum. My plain face won you from her, and it was meet I should do for her what I could.

"I made her many promises of good that night; but at the end of the month she was the maniac who, morning, noon, and night, dogged your steps, and plead for your love, a nemesis you would gladly have escaped. You were an admirable dissembler to the world, but not to Maud Thane. She knew what you held in your memory, and hoped for you even while watching you with Argus eyes. And, Eldon Fairfax, I learned in those days of quiet waiting, watching, and hoping, all the love of dominion—the despicable vanity that make so large a part of your character; and little by little the idol I had raised crumbled and fell. Nor have you improved. To-day you are capable of deeds, the mere contemplation of which would have filled your soul with horror years ago."

The deep sorrowful regret striking through her tones, excited anew his selfish hopes.

"Maud, Maud, you can mold me into what you will!" he cried, passionately. "Become my wife, and love the work of your own hands."

Ardent and determined he bent pleadingly over her.

"Never! We are not in harmony; and amidst the discipline of married life you would learn it to your cost," she replied sadly but firmly.

He rushed into the madness of anger, demanding fiercely—

"By what right do you, who once gave me your promise, now persist in your denial of my prayers?"

"By the right of my womanhood and my own will, if it is necessary to answer so witless a question," she replied, with a touch of scorn.

"Then know that I swear by my rights, that you shall yet say yes, and that gladly!"

She turned coldly away, and approached the door. In a moment he was beside her, querying in low, fierce accents—

"You understand that I mean it, Maud?"

"I understand that you are a madman, this morning; and that I am a woman fully equal to the protection of myself at all times and under all circumstances," she answered, with haughty composure.

"We shall see!" he retorted, mindful of the small courtesy of opening the door.

Maud was right. Eldon Fairfax had gone steadily from bad to worse. Once more alone, he instantly employed himself in devising a fiendish scheme, by which Maud Thane was to be converted into Maud Fairfax.

Meanwhile the object of these machinations noted the approach of the luncheon hour with anxious solicitude, the possibility of a tete-a-tete lunch with the schemer looming darker and darker on her mental horizon every instant. Greatly to her relief, however, Mrs. Anthon and Mark appeared at the last moment—and the relief was soon doubled by their guest's announcement that he must anticipate by a day the time appointed for his departure.

Ostensibly, letters brought by Mark Anthon necessitated this sudden movement; really, the recent library interview, with the demands of the above-mentioned scheme. If either weighed heavily upon him, it was beyond the eye of mortal man. Throughout the meal he was the sparkling conversationalist, chaining with proud ability even Maud's unwilling attention—the polished gentleman so courteous in the least things that she could almost have persuaded herself that that transforming gust of wild passion was but the product of her own vivid imagination.

There was little time for leave-taking when she rose from the table, and Maud hoped that in the hurry and bustle she might escape the disagreeableness of placing her hand in that of the guest she was speeding so heartily. But the counter movements of the object of her innocent manœuvres, soon proved his wishes to be quite the reverse, and also, that her tact was no match for his audacity. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, he approached with extended hand. Rather than attract the notice of her aunt and cousin, she accepted it. A slightly mocking smile touched his lips as he spoke in his full, rich voice, modulated for the occasion—

"You are apt, Maud, but not always successful. Remember that I have sworn!" And a powerful grasp of his shapely hand emphasized the words.

To this was added a louder "Good-by," immediately followed by his graceful adieux to Mrs. Anthon. And then he and Mark were fairly off.

Owing to circumstances unnecessary to record, Mrs. Anthon knew nothing of her niece's past relations with the departing guest. She had, however, been a gratified observer of his devotion during the season of his visit, and as the carriage rolled from the door asked a very natural question.

"Are you going to marry him, Maud?"

"Never! Aunt Lute," Maud answered with what Mrs. Anthon thought undue emphasis.

"He adores you, is rich, handsome, and a genius. Have these considerations no weight in the balance?" Mrs. Anthon returned with an eye to her niece's temporal interests.

"Not the slightest."

Mrs. Anthon's once pretty shoulders shrugged an expressive comment, and with this silent response the subject was changed; for viewing Eldon Fairfax's threats as the mere seething of an angry spirit, Maud had resolved to be her own counsel on the event of the morning.

Christmas was over, and Mark Anthon had just started on a long business tour when Maud one morning entered the sitting-room with a handful of letters. Delivering Mrs. Anthon's share she proceeded to the perusal of her own. After disposing of a charming missive from an old friend she unwillingly broke the seal of one whose superscription plainly declared the writer to be Eldon Fairfax. It was dated from a pretty town they both remembered well, and sung the old song. Ardent protestations of undying affection, with humble petitions for pardon and the time and opportunity to win back her regard made its sum.

She read it impatiently, and then took up the next claimant which proved more important. Hastily scanning the few lines she rose and placed it in Mrs. Anthon's hand.

"You will see I must leave you for two or three days, Aunt Lute," she said.

Mrs. Anthon's surprised eyes dropped to the paper.

"Who is this Effie Day, and who is Doctor Winton?" she presently asked, looking as if the note were a problem.

"Effie Day is a poor brain sick girl in whom I took a great interest during the time I filled the position of music teacher at Madam Latine's," Maud returned, avoiding the delicate particulars, "and Doctor Winton is resident physician at the insane asylum, as you will perceive by more careful reading."

"Ah, yes, I see. And the poor thing is dying quite sane, and pitifully entreats your presence," Mrs. Anthon answered, giving the pith of the note in her hand. "Well, Maud, you must go, I suppose. It would be heathenish to refuse; but I don't like it at all. The journey is a fatiguing one, and, if I remember aright, you will not reach the city till long after dark. I would go with you were I as strong as I once was."

"That we both know you are not, Aunt Lute, so don't give it a thought. I long ago learned how to take care of myself," she concluded a little sadly.

On reaching the station Maud was able to dispatch to Mrs. Anthon by a coachman the pleasing intelligence that a travelling companion had been found. And at the end of the journey the fact proved a personal comfort. Amidst the noise and bustle Doctor Lyon's arm was a boon, though it could not long be at her service it soon appeared.

"You will take a carriage?" he asked as they slowly made their way across the platform.

"Yes; but I shall esteem it a great kindness if you will direct me to a suitable hotel. I am almost a stranger here."

In the dull, glimmering light they had been unobservant of two men watchfully following them since they left the cars, one carefully muffled against the night wind blowing sharp and strong. As Maud ceased speaking the muffled one hastily whispered to his companion:

"Quick! Now's your time!" and before Doctor Lyon could reply a cabman stepped up.

"Carriage, sir? —— hotel."

"What hotel did you say?" the doctor inquired.

"—— hotel, sir."

"That's the one for you, Miss Thane," exclaimed the doctor, "and I regret that an urgent professional engagement deprives me of the pleasure of escorting you thither. I will, however, see you safely started."

A little later Maud was ascending the stairs of the designated hotel. The obsequious attendant threw open a chamber door, pausing on the threshold to say:

"I hope you'll find things comfortable, ma'am. The gentleman was very anxious to have 'em so, though he didn't know as you'd get here to-night."

Maud turned quickly from the table on which she was placing her satchel.

"There must be some mistake," she exclaimed, a little amused at the idea of thus appropriating some other woman's comforts.

"Oh, it's all right, ma'am," was the assured reply. "The gentleman told me afore he went out that he could only see madam to the carriage on account of an engagement, but that he'd be here a'most as soon as her. Oh, yes, ma'am, it's all right, for the gentleman sent me a line by the driver, sayin' you were the lady. So—but here's the gentleman hisself, ma'am," he concluded, glancing down the entry. And before Maud could utter a word he had bowed himself off.

With a sort of vague alarm she was hastily gathering up the trifles comprising her baggage, when the door fell back and admitted Eldon Fairfax. In a twinkling the key was turned, withdrawn, and deposited in his pocket.

The horrified tension of Maud's eyes, and the deathly whiteness of her cheeks were pitiful as she gazed at him an instant. But swiftly comprehending his nefarious plot, she darted past him and grasped the bell cord. He watched her coolly, making no attempt to interfere with her movements. His words were even more cool than his deportment.

"'Tis a needless expenditure of strength my pale, sweet Maud," he said, half-mocking, half-tenderly, as the cord dropped at her feet. "I have provided against all contingencies since I entered this room a week ago, though once to-night I feared it was 'love's labor lost.' I well knew my bird would beat its wings a little when it found that Eldon Fairfax had spread the lure; and as surely did I know its soft heart would instantly respond to Effie's dying call. But rest thee, sweet! thy cage is strong, thy captor stronger."

She was standing before him now, her cheeks crimson, and eyes flashing.

"Poor, contemptible coward! and could you stoop to this?"

"Aye, my sweet Maud to this—to anything that might win you—for my wife you are to be love!" Then suddenly discarding his mocking tone for one of passionate endearment, he cried: "Maud, I do love you! See!" And he threw himself at her feet, "I who never knelt to woman before, now kneel to you. 'Tis thus I once again entreat you to become my wife. Speak but the word, and I will undo all the seeming wrong I've done you. It's no actual wrong to make you happy in spite of yourself. Speak quick, Maud, in ten minutes it will be too late."

"Say I will be your wife! I, Maud Thane, I become the wife of a man I dare spurn with my foot!" touching his knee

lightly, but meaningly with the point of her dainty boot.

The air, the words, the action were so full of withering contempt that he sprung to his feet blazing with uncontrollable anger.

"And why not Maud Thane?" he demanded fiercely.

"Why? Because she is Maud Thane, and does not choose to become the wife of a villain!"

He was losing his anger in admiration of the beautiful little creature, proud and fearless in her just indignation.

"You will speak the word, Maud, since it is useless to oppose me?" he urged with softening voice and eye. "Forget your anger, and let us be happy once more."

"Should you plead till the day of doom, it would still be in vain!"

"Would it, we shall see," said Fairfax, in a threatening voice, and advancing towards her.

"Indade it would, you black-hearted villain!" was the unexpected rejoinder, and two stout fists sent Fairfax staggering a dozen paces backward.

And there issued from behind the bed hangings an Irish girl, brawny enough to warrant the language she had uttered. Springing to the side of the now trembling Maud, she slipped an arm about her, crying:

"Sure, and of the blessed vargin didn't sind me to you, it's niver a bit she helped anybody! And don't you be a fearin', Miss Tha—in, it's myself that's got the kay, and it's myself that'll risave you!"

And in proof of her ability, she snatched the key from her pocket, and whisked Maud quickly to the door. It was all said and done in a trice; but by this time the baffled Fairfax had recovered himself.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he thundered, advancing with threatening aspect.

"And it's not for the loikes of you that Kitty O'Hara's afraid!" was the same Kitty's immediate response, as she turned and squared herself in very fair pugilistic style. "And it's not to the loikes of you I'd care to be talking much. But it's your room while you pay for it, and I'll stoop to tell you. It's clane towels, I said to myself, the jontleman's wife would be wantin'; and thin, says I, it's a long journey up there, and loike as not this jontleman's out with the kay in his pocket, so I'll ask for the other kay. And sure and wasn't it the holy Mary that slut me? For, while I was a fixen' over there, John he comes with the lady, and while I waited for the ind o' thim you comes, and thin I soon knowed why I was here, you beg villain!"

But it is needless to linger over this scene. Eldon Fairfax's second wooing had come to an end, though he, reckless in a blind fury, dashed from the hotel, vowing that death alone should foil him. And death did! Only a few days later Mrs. Anthon, in looking over the morning paper, found his name in the list of casualties. After the first exclamation of horrified astonishment, she remarked a little querulously:

"You might have been a rich widow today, Maud."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one extra) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**.

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NO MAN is better save as he pays the price of his improvement. No man is better by living on spontaneous emotion. No man is better who does not fight in a battle that has a victory in it which crowns him with the merit and virtue of winning it. We may be the worse for all this to which I refer. It may drain us of juices and fertilities which, put to the right use, might become ripe vigor and conquest in character. Geography will not save us; biography, outside of our own life, will not save us. They are written in fading colors, and are pronounced by syllables that shade away into silence very soon.

SWEET TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. A sweet temper is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

☞ Captain Hall, of the "Polaris," reached Greenland July 21st, and met the Swedish expedition on its return voyage. Everything looks encouraging for the enterprise—and the stout-hearted captain expects to reach the North Pole within a year.

☞ Washington Irving once said of a pompous American diplomatist, "Ah, he is a great man, and in his own estimation a very great man—a man of great weight. When he gets too far West, the East tips up."

New Publications.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. By JOAQUIN MILLER. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a republication of the volume issued in London by a new American poet—Joaquin Miller, of Oregon—and which received warm praise from the English critics. Mr. Miller is a young poet of deep feeling and passion. He appears to have lived for a number of years in Central America and in Southern Mexico, and his poems are full of allusions to tropical scenery, and to Spanish American and Indian customs and costumes. He was a filibuster with Walker in Nicaragua, and his finest poem is a tribute to that chieftain. His genius at present is rather vague and misty, and where it has not some real person or fact to crystallize around, is lacking in form and substance. Some of his images are very fine and striking, but he dulls the best of them by frequent repetition. For instance, the following is fine:

"And 'neath his conrser's sounding feet
The rocks are flashing like a forge."

But when we read a few pages further, in the same poem,

"I hear the steady pick-axe stroke
As if upon a flashing forge,"

not only does the figure not please us, but the pleasing effect of its first use is marred.

That tremendous gentleman, with "raven hair"—"locks of darkness"—and "brow cut deep as with a knife," and "bloody hands," and "wild eyes," and "thoughts he is compelled to fly," mounted on the equally tremendous "fiery steed," with expanded nostrils and streaming mane (and we suppose tail), who careers through so much of Byron's and other contemporary poetry, untamed and untamable, and always full of remorse, which only makes him still more desperate and wicked, is, we regret to say, not yet dead—though he has been shot and stabbed often enough to kill an hundred ordinary men—but is still "going it," (as we learn from Mr. Miller's verses,) breaking sentimental young ladies' hearts, and knifing and shooting the masculine sex, in Central and South-Western America. He is an awfully poetical fellow—but, when our new poet gets older, we think he will joyfully cut his acquaintance.

Some of the English critics appear to think Mr. Miller's poetry especially new and peculiarly American. We differ with them. On the surface it is somewhat American—that is, Central and Spanish American; but in its substance, it is neither new nor peculiar. The same critics seem to think that Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell are not peculiarly American. They are really more American than Mr. Miller. They do not talk about canons, and hoops of gold, and cutanas, and serapes, and sombreros, and ranchos, and tapideros, and monster snakes, and spurs with bells of steel, and monkeys, and twenty other strange things, simply because these are not adjuncts of our North American civilization. They depict American life as they see it. For ourself we do not think it any wiser to ignore all the culture of the European races, in order to develop an American literature, than to ignore all the science and art of Europe in the development of an American civilization. It is wisdom to keep all we have, all we have derived from our fathers, and to add to that as much as we may. The squatter life of our frontiers, the early mining life of California, the filibuster enterprises of restless and unprincipled adventurers, the semi-savage customs of Central America, the wild life of the white-savage of the prairies, these are not the types of American civilization—these are but rough and barbarous attendants upon its progress, which will pass away before its onward tread. Doubtless some European critics would think it decidedly more picturesque and American if we dwelt in wigwams, and had no large cities, used canoes instead of steamboats, Indian ponies instead of locomotives, and ate only the maize and other indigenous food of the country with our fingers, instead of laying the whole world under contribution and using silver forks. But to our notion, that would be American barbarism—not American Civilization. And the same is true of science and literature. We intend, like sensible men, to use the European civilization and literature, until we are able to make better. And we never expect to make any better by throwing them utterly aside, but, on the contrary, by using them as the old stock on which to engraft new and improved growths and finer fruits.

We have strayed a little from the consideration of Mr. Miller's poetry, provoked by the nonsense of certain English critics. But we must not conclude without giving a warm welcome to this new aspirant for the laurel crown. His principal merits and his principal faults are those of youth. He is warm, glowing, inspiring—he is vague, misty and unsatisfying. Whether he is to develop into a great poet, probably depends upon one thing, the amount of his intellect. In the poems before us there are a good command of language, and depth of feeling and passion; but no great depth of thought. Will years develop in him the philosophic mind?—the wide range and depth of thought which distinguish the masters in all the departments of literature? We shall see. Our best wishes go with him.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. By CHAS. DICKENS. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HOW DEM FRENCHMEN GETS DAT BERLIN VUNTZ. By JOHANN SCHLEMMEL. Published by the American News Co., New York; and also for sale by the Central News Co., Philada.

PALACES AND PRISONS.—By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF LONDON. By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS. Published by T. B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

CON CREGAN. The Irish Gil Blas. By CHARLES LEVER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for October contains "Scrambles Among the Alps in the Years 1860–'69," "Off Duty," "The Brandon Ghost," "Marriage," "After Two Years," etc., etc. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE GALAXY. The October number contains a portrait of Anthony Trollope, and "A Correspondence," "Popular Fallacies," "A Reminiscence of Alex. Dumas," "Ought We to Visit Her?" "The Eustace Diamonds," &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October contains "The Intermingling of Religions," "An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne," "A Newport Romance," "My Birthday," and other stories, papers and poems. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for October contains "An Island of Fire," "The Last of the Pequods," "The Philosophy of Good Health," "Was Adam the First Man?" etc. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DRIFTING.

Miss Pyecroft departed from Linthorp just before John Carteret had received his letter, and had made up his mind that he must stay there no longer.

For that was the conclusion at which he had arrived after reviewing all that Lady Peckford had said to him; and, as he began to look around him, with the veil that had been blinding him rudely torn away, he came to see with different eyes, and to perceive that there might be some truth in what she had suggested; and he reproached himself for the unintentional harm of which he had been guilty.

He was not a vain man, or surely the probability might have occurred to him before. He was single-minded, and presumed that others, working with the same interest with which he worked, would also have the same motive to impel them.

He would have pursued his duty irrespective of Diana's appreciation of it; and as he judged others by himself, he would have disdained to attribute Miss Wardlaw's gradual withdrawal from the gayer amusements of Linthorp, and her increased zeal for church affairs, to any other cause than the one that would have animated himself. Indeed, as he did not frequent these gayer haunts, Miss Wardlaw's absence from them was a matter of which he was entirely ignorant.

The more he reviewed the subject, the more he deplored the unconscious part he had acted—if, indeed, what Lady Peckford suggested were true; and once it occurred to him whether, as the hope of his life was over, he might not let matters at Linthorp take the turn that people had supposed them to be taking, and so make one less sorrowful heart in the world. And yet, what right or actual reason had he to believe that Miss Wardlaw so regarded him, since it had never been apparent to himself? Lady Peckford was a person of lively imagination, and it was probable that she had greatly exaggerated facts, if she had not to a certain extent invented them. He knew how much value she placed upon wealth and position; and he knew, also, that she possessed a genuine interest in himself, and would be anxious to promote what she would consider to be his welfare by any means in her power. And so, having received a warning from her words, he could not but see that it was advisable to leave Linthorp before matters became more serious.

This was just after Miss Pyecroft had left Linthorp; and as she had one or two visits to pay on her way homeward, she did not arrive at Broadmead until a fortnight after the departure of the Manor House party; and her friends having also quitted Linthorp, she had heard nothing of John Carteret's decision, nor the gossip consequent thereupon.

Dr. and Mrs. Crawford were, therefore, the only persons to whom she could recapitulate her Linthorp experiences, which were shorn of some of their interest through her later visits. She had heard Dr. Fennithorne again. She had spoken to him—shaken hands with him; and she regarded with a sort of veneration the glove that he had touched—not that Miss Pyecroft was a person ordinarily given to sentiment; "but," as she observed, rather indefinitely, "there are some occasions upon which our feelings overflow."

Miss Latty and Miss Sophia, who had faithfully kept house according to rule, rendered an account of all their doings, and delivered up the keys; and in them, perhaps, Miss Pyecroft found the most satisfactory listeners to her accounts of Linthorp.

"And whom is Miss Wardlaw like? And when are they to be married? And where are they going to live? And does he really preach well?"

To which latter question Miss Pyecroft replied, "If he were Dr. Fennithorne, he would be a bishop."

It sounded a little enigmatical, but the sisters understood it. John Carteret only wanted a reputation; and in this world, given a reputation, one may almost do without talent.

Miss Pyecroft called upon the Neris, ostensibly to tell them about their friend, Mr. Carteret; but, in reality, in the hope of learning something respecting the movements of the Seatons, and the immediate cause of their sudden departure, and any of the little odds and ends of information with which Signora Neri might be able to supply her.

But if Signora Neri were able, she was not willing; and if willing, she was not able. Either way, the result was the same; and Miss Pyecroft learned nothing at the cottage.

"That woman *terrible* has come home, and makes my heart bleed afresh for my *carissima*," said Signora Neri, to her brother. "Somehow, it seems to me that all Broadmead is in a plot against the child. I wish I could see Mr. Carteret."

"Oreola!"

"Giuseppe! thou dost not understand the heart of a sorrowful maiden. Remember Ercolo. I have dreamed of him so often lately—and it is years and years since I have done so. He looks just as he did, only more beautiful and younger—so young, and I am old! Giuseppe, will he remember, dost think, when I enter that other world? How will it be, Giuseppe?"

"It is the husk that is withering, Oreola the ripened fruit, whose bloom is over; but the seed remains, to spring up fresh as ever. The perishing frame decays, and counts its threescore years; but the soul holds those threescore years but as a moment of its immortality. The wind passes over the flowers, and they are gone; but the root remaineth. Thy soul is fresh, my Oreola; so should we keep our inner life green, despite the outer storms."

"But, Giuseppe, thinkest thou not that these dreams of Oreola have some significance?"

"Only, that thy quick sympathy has brought him vividly to thy memory."

But Signora Neri shook her head.

"What can I do?" she said. "If I could only see Mr. Carteret!"

"You might do harm, Oreola. Wait a little, for the child will wait—"

"She may marry."

"Whom?"

"Mr. Seaton."

Signor Neri smiled incredulously.

"Thou talkest but wildly, my Oreola."

"Not so. Remember Ercolo."

But Signor Neri was not to be convinced.

"She will never care for any one but Mr. Carteret. I know it by the tones of her voice. Her soul has revealed itself to me through the divine harmony. She will love no other."

"Yet she may marry—for Mr. Seaton loves her, and Mrs. Seaton loves her son. Giuseppe, what can I do?"

And the fair, delicate features flushed until the glow of youth seemed almost to return to them; and her eyes lighted up, and her whole face appeared to be transfigured; and there was something prophetic in her manner as she said—

"If I cannot prevent this evil, Giuseppe, I can at least prophesy woe—woe to them who have caused this evil to come!"

The passionate Italian blood was roused, and Signora Neri forgot age, sorrow, poverty, trials; and the spirit asserted its power over time and circumstances.

Signor Neri gazed in astonishment to see his sister—who was so frail, so subdued, so calm and gentle—thus agitated. But he did not speak; and in another moment, Signora Neri's vehemence had died away, and she sank into her chair, her hands covering her face, and sobbed out—

"I am but a poor old woman, Giuseppe."

And Diana, like a swallow, was flying south—south, through the Rhineland and over the Alps, never resting for long together until her feet touched Italian soil. There Jasper decided that they were safe, and that they might wander at leisure from city to city, and sojourn for a while at each. Continual motion was most likely to divert Diana from her trouble, and in new scenes and new interests she might learn to forget.

John Carteret's name was never mentioned; and yet Diana felt that it was ever present both with Mrs. Seaton and Jasper, and that she had the sympathy of both—for Mrs. Seaton had altogether changed in her manner, the cause of irritation being removed; and there was even an occasional tenderness that Diana had never noticed before.

Perhaps it was that Mrs. Seaton was now beginning to look upon Diana as her daughter, and trying to draw her towards her with those cords of love she had neglected for so long. Perhaps, also, she felt a sentiment of compassion as she saw the girl suffering so patiently, and endeavoring, in a spirit of which she had never supposed her capable, to be cheerful, and to take an interest in the scenes around her.

Perhaps, as she stood beside the beautiful Italian lakes, and saw the blue of heaven reflected in the tranquil depths below, some visions of a boundless peace might arise before her; and as she watched the darting birds soar upward, the old longing might steal over her—"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest!"

And Jasper, as he stood beside her, felt, in the midst of his selfish love, a touch half of remorse as her trusting eyes looked up with all the confidence of a child—for she clung more to him as a friend than ever. He had been so gentle, so thoughtful. But it was only as a friend—a brother—that she had regarded him; and Jasper did not deceive himself—he only said, "In time, in time!" And time was before him, and there was none to thwart and hinder him. They would stay abroad until she had learned to love him better. Time—time—it was all that he had ever asked for.

Mrs. Seaton was less selfish in her love towards her son than he in his for Diana; for she would willingly have given up anything for his sake—feeling no jealousy of Diana, as some mothers would have done, but trying to love her because she saw it tended to Jasper's happiness. And perhaps this touch of unselfishness was the one small point of noble feeling that Mrs. Seaton possessed; otherwise her love was the intense instinctive affection that a wild animal feels for its cubs. There was nothing exalting in it, neither did it lead her to elevated acts; on the contrary, it simply induced all the cunning and vigilance that the dumb creation exert in defence of their young. Anything for Jasper; and as Jasper's spirits rose, and his fears subsided, and he grew less gloomy and fitful, his mother felt that what she had strained her utmost energies to accomplish was prospering as she could wish. She even ceased to hate John Carteret now that he was fairly out of the way, and no longer an obstacle to Jasper's happiness.

So, under blue skies, and amongst vineyards, olive gardens, and orange trees, and in the shadow of old palaces—the halo of whose past grandeur was even more impressive than any modern magnificence could be—Diana strove to be content. She did not try, she did not even wish to forget. John Carteret had been to her a light, a revealer of herself, a guide, a help—and she could carry that memory to her life's end; and hereafter she might perhaps learn that it was one of the beacons set up by no human hand, to shine upon the sign-post pointing to the right road.

The dead past! There is no dead past. The past lives on, breathes into the present, and colors the future. She could never bury the day on which she first saw John Carteret: it would live on with her eternally.

And so the days wore on, and summer arose in all its glory, and southern lands became too warm, and then the travellers journeyed northward—but not to England—England was not safe yet. Old impressions must not be revived—new feelings must not be checked in their growth.

Again the summer passed away, and autumn kissed the land until it blushed crimson; and then again the hand of winter was stretched forth, driving the Seatons southward. And they remained in Italy until the spring blossomed forth once more, when they journeyed northward yet a second time, but not even yet to England.

Jasper's hopes were steadily progressing. He was letting the old love have time to die out ere the thought of a new one should be made manifest. He was cautiously dealing with the time upon which he had set so much value—not wasting it, not trying to hurry it; but letting everything glide down the current, apparently without sail or oar, and yet keeping a tight hand on the rudder.

Surely his perseverance would meet with its reward. Had he not deserved it?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A TOWN CURACY.

No more wide open sea, stretching miles and miles away, and giving a sense of freedom in its far-off horizon line. No more ruined castles, no more great cliffs and green meadows, no atmosphere unveiled by the breath of smoky manufactories, no romance—save what the poverty-stricken and sordid lives of thousands of people, made pathetic though suffering, might give.

Instead of the murmur of the waters, the busy hum of a busy town; instead of the roar of the waves, the crunching, thundering sound of vast engines, and the noise of hammer, of wheel, of shrieking machinery, in almost every street. And the blackened houses, the smoke-begrimed faces, the pallid children, the anxious, worn expression of many of the people, as though their lives were hurrying on so fast that they were scarce able to keep up with them;—these, and a multitude of other differences, John Carteret perceived between the place he had left and the one to which he had come. Nothing to remind him, when he arose in the morning, of the Saxon monk who dispersed his paraphrases among the people. There was nothing to suggest that monks had ever existed in these parts; neither were there ancient associations with the place which were patent alike to the stranger and the inhabitant. It was a town whose associations rested rather in the bosoms of the townsfolk—in homely traditions that made old men remember antiquities that were now no more, but were lost, buried, built upon—for the town had risen to its present dimensions almost within the memory of man.

True, there had been a genius here and there who had left a trace of his life in the old town—or rather, thrown a part of his mantle over it; so that the men whose fathers had been dwellers in the place could call up names that deserved to be held in reverence by their sons. But beyond this, and a few old buildings that were rapidly disappearing, there was little to attract the attention of the lover of the past.

The student of the present might here find a field for his labors. He might work out, or try to work out, the question of progress, and settle whether human nature was improved by the vast aids that had been brought to bear upon mankind. He might note the men who yesterday were of no account, high up to-day. He might see earnestness and intellect wearing themselves into the grave; or, rising above the level of all opponents, he might see the poor, the rich, the vulgar, the refined, the submissive, the dominant, the arrogant, the unobtrusive, the worker, the idler, the honest, the thief, the true, the false, all in one massed vortex of humanity, and question whether it were possible, through dint of any earthly power, to shape the aggregated material into a solid form of beauty and perfection.

But of this, at present, John Carteret had taken no thought.

It was surprising at first sight, considering how short a time, comparatively, the present town had stood, to see how black and time-worn many of the houses looked; though, perhaps, if one took into consideration the amount of smoke puffed out by the tall and short chimneys, it was not, after all, so very wonderful.

But neither of this had John Carteret at present taken any heed. He had arrived rather late in the evening, and had driven through the still crowded streets to his lodgings. He had not noticed what turnings he took, nor how many of them. He was only conscious that the flash of lights from shop windows was somewhat abated, and that the lamps were fewer and farther between, when he stopped at a door in a narrow street; and the landlady, who was evidently on the watch for her lodger, welcomed the new curate.

His luggage was brought in, the cabman was paid, and he himself shown into his sitting-room with a rapidity which astonished him, after the slow and deliberate ways of Linthorp; and seemed to suggest to him that he had come to a busy place, where grass did not actually or metaphorically grow under people's feet.

"The late curate, the Reverend Derrington," said the landlady, "had been quite down-'arted at leaving his lodgings. He had never been so comfortable anywhere before. 'You have the 'art, Mrs. Penfold, of making me feel at home,' he used to say. And, reverend sir," pursued Mrs. Penfold, "I hope what the Reverend Derrington said may be said by you also. This is the apartment in which many and many a sermon has been composed—for I've let to curates ever since I took to lodgers, after the death of Thomas Penfold. A widow must maintain herself, sir; and lodgers, if respectable and paying, is paying and respectable also."

"I dare say we shall get on very well, Mrs. Penfold," replied John Carteret, looking round the room, which was scrupulously neat and clean, and boasted of rather a handsome book-case and an old-fashioned sideboard, upon which his eyes involuntarily dwelt for a moment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Penfold, following his glance, and gratified by his apparent appreciation—"those pieces of furniture *is* handsome, and reminds me of better days in the lifetime of Thomas Penfold. I put them in this room, reverend sir, because I hold it fitting that the clergy should have the best. I'm Church and State, sir, as my mother and grandmother was before me, and never wish to change."

John Carteret sat down in the great easy chair.

"And my son's clerk at the church, sir, and can give you all information as to time, and place, and services; and has been mentioned in the papers, not long ago, as having his accounts right to a farthing. Very gratifying to a mother's 'art."

"Certainly, Mrs. Penfold."

"More so than perhaps you think, in these defaulting and fraudulenting times; for of course, being a curate, you don't know anything about business: curates never do. The Reverend Derrington was a babe at accounts, and Joshua had to put him right continually. But you're looking tired, sir. You'd like a cup of tea, I dare say."

And Mrs. Penfold departed, leaving John Carteret to muse over his new position. He was tired and a little bewildered, yet he foresaw that the change would be even greater than he had anticipated. But it rather pleased him than otherwise. He would become, as it were, isolated, and lost to what he had hitherto deemed the world; and should find himself in a new and untried sphere of which he had hitherto formed but a small conception.

Already he was beginning to recognize truths and facts that had been far off and misty to him; already he had taken a stride in his onward path that had left his last halting-place miles and miles behind him; already a new glow was infused into his veins, and an enthusiasm for his work awakened as it had not been before. For, all unconsciously to himself, he had been impressed with a sort of awe, something of solemnity, as he drove through the many-peopled streets, and heard the hum of the

thousands of voices and the tramp of the thousands of feet—tramping whither? For the many toned roar spoke to him of the hereafter—of the destiny, of the sovereignty, the majesty of man, as he had never thought of it before.

In living thunder, it seemed that a voice cried out, telling him, despite the littleness, the poverty, the meanness, the sins of humanity, that man was over all in the world—immortal, and that he had been "made but little lower than the angels." Higher than the world, higher than the things of the world, the pomps, the vanities, the glory—so called—rose up the divine cry, "Is not the life more than the meat, and the body than raiment?"

And John Carteret knew that it was "the life" he had come to seek and to work for in this great town, and that the work was a great one.

In a shorter time than might have been expected, Mrs. Penfold returned. She preferred waiting on the new lodger herself to-night, until he was "less strange to the place." And John Carteret had no reason to be dissatisfied with her ministrations; and if she were somewhat garrulous, she did not seem to require any answers; and if she dropped her Rs, and revelled in reminiscences of the life and times of Thomas Penfold, the one was simply a national peculiarity among the uneducated, the other a harmless peculiarity of her own.

"He does look consumptive, Joshua," said Mrs. Penfold, to her son; "but he's no cough, which is a sign that I may be mistaken, as I hope I am. But he's as pale as marble, though a fine-looking man enough. He must look lovely in a surplice. I hope the surplices are clean, Joshua?"

"Pretty well. I don't know how it is that they get dirty so soon, but everything does in a town. The smuts and the blacks seem to come in at the doors and windows, whether they're open or not."

"I don't think he'll visit much, Joshua," continued Mrs. Penfold. "He's not the least like the Reverend Derrington, who was as lively as a cricket. This one is quiet like, and made to his work, as it were; and he'll speak best in the pulpit, for he's not given to many words out of it. We shall have to take care of him, Joshua."

And Mrs. Penfold's heart—more refined than her outward bearing—divined intuitively what John Carteret would like and what he would not like; and he came to find that Mrs. Penfold's testimonials in her own favor had not been entirely devoid of foundation, notwithstanding the counter-assertions of the old proverb.

John Carteret found himself in a new world with regard to the congregation of St. Anne's, for it was composed of a class of people with whom he had never before associated—and who, indeed, were not strictly qualified to enter the *salons* of Lady Peckford and her associates. Their manners, their speech, their dress even would have caused them to feel singular to themselves, if they had been suddenly ushered into so uncongenial an atmosphere. They were essentially of the lower middle classes, and were content with the position they occupied, partly through long custom, partly through the general belief they had grown into of their own importance to the world around; a development of the great "*me*," which is so wisely bestowed upon men individually making the "*me*" and its belongings above all other "*mes*," and being one source of the general contentment that, on the whole, exists in the world.

It never entered into the minds of the congregation of St. Anne's that they were open to criticism; though that the new curate was a fair subject for it—that it was a duty to criticise him—was a fact perfectly obvious to their minds—and was, consequently, the spirit in which they went to church on the first Sunday after John Carteret's arrival.

"I shouldn't put on my spectacles just at first, if I was you," said Mrs. Betterton to her husband. "Knowing, as he will, that you're church-warden, it may make him feel a little timorsome—and we must make allowances. You can take a good stare at him when he's reading his sermon. Eh, dear!—it will be long enough before Mr. Derrington's place is filled up."

"I don't know that, Betsy. They say that this one is a swell preacher, and made quite a sensation at Linthorp; and there's a deal of good company at Linthorp, so they say."

But Mrs. Betterton did not seem disposed to take her husband's view of the case.

"Folks say a good deal that is not true," she replied. "If he was a swell preacher, he'd be off to London or somewhere where he would be heard, and not to a poor parish like this, with only ourselves and one or two others worth preaching to, out of the common."

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes, you see; and we can't tell what's true or what isn't true till we've heard him."

So Mr. and Mrs. Betterton waited, and the other upper people waited and wondered—and the lower half did not think much about it, one way or the other. These latter supposed curates to be pretty much alike. Mr. Derrington had been a pleasant, lively gentleman, and kind in his way; but he did not understand them, and they did not understand him; and so they came to the conclusion that there was a natural bar between classes that prevented people ever doing anything more than just look over the top of it.

But when John Carteret stood up in the pulpit on Sunday, a new feeling came alike to rich and poor. Here was a man who so thoroughly meant what he said, that they involuntarily believed him—whose heart was so thoroughly absorbed in the words he was giving out, that he forgot himself altogether. "There was no sham about him," was the general verdict. And if a man can place himself above the suspicion of "sham," he need have no fears as to the hold he will maintain over his hearers.

"He'll do," said Mr. Betterton; and he congratulated his fellow-warden on their acquisition. "Why, we shall have all the pews at St. Anne's let before three months are over."

For Mr. Betterton was a commercial man, and did not set aside a money-value view of the new curate. And perhaps he was right, to a certain extent; for if places of worship are not supported, they must go down—at any rate, in large towns where they are mainly dependent upon pew rents.

So John Carteret's *debut* was successful. Every one was satisfied; and the vicar, being of an easy turn of mind, and not given to envying his more eloquent curates, determined that in the matter of preaching, John Carteret should have his full share.

And so it came to pass that John Carteret became popular in the parish, and strangers from the better quarters of the town came to hear him. And in time he had offers of more advantageous curacies, and even of a good living in an eligible neighborhood. But he clung to St. Anne's. He had come there to work. He had found a new world—he had seen poverty and misery such as he had not dreamed of—and he would not desert it. He was digging at the lowest stratum of humanity, and he was filled with sorrow—with wonder. He even began to speculate why such things were permitted on the earth.

And in the midst of his work, there came often and often a vision to him; and, like Diana, he did not try to drive it away. And sometimes the picture was of the flash of sunshine that had burst upon him in the old organ loft; sometimes of a figure moving about in her oddly furnished *Paradiso;* and sometimes of the last time he had seen her in the beautiful room that had once been Madame de Monlise's. All through his work she accompanied him; and at last he began to think of her as an angel who had once appeared to him, and revealed to him the light. All the wild waywardness of her girlhood faded from his mind—all that was earthly fell away—and he saw only a soul struggling through earth-storms to a higher, purer atmosphere.

So at least he imagined he thought of her, and he went on working and dreaming. And none but the poor amongst whom he labored knew how ceaselessly and patiently the curate of St. Anne's toiled, excepting Mrs. Penfold.

"It's more than mortal man can stand, sir," she would sometimes say.

And John Carteret would answer—

"I am young and strong, Mrs. Penfold."

"Ay, so *were* others, sir."

And month after month passed away, and John Carteret still labored at his post. He was strong, as he had said, and his strength seemed indomitable.

Work, work, work.

What would man do without it?

CHAPTER XXXV.

TIDINGS FROM ENGLAND.

The world is full of outward contrasts: the life of man full of inner as well as outward contrasts, if he can only perceive them. Here a false note, there a perfect harmony; here a stab of pain, there a thrill of joy. Side by side run the black line and the golden thread, knotting themselves into each other in inextricable and inexplicable twists and twinings.

Such had been Diana's experience, even in the midst of her sorrow—for it is not all grief, or man could not bear it; and she had come to find that her soul's wings were stronger, and that now and then a mysterious breeze wafted her along and carried her to realms of peace, where she snatched an olive branch, and felt a transient rest.

She thought often of John Carteret, and wondered where he was and what he was doing, and whether he would soon be married; little imagining that while she, on that lovely July morning, sat gazing from the balcony of the hotel at Thale, he was toiling in dingy, dusty streets, still faithful to her, and carrying the dream of the past into his present life, as something that still belonged to it, and whose light he should never lose—even when he should lie down to sleep his last sleep on earth; for it would be one of the bright rays that had shone upon and purified the path along which he had travelled.

Diana continued to gaze and muse. And truly, very fair was the scene that lay outstretched before her; and fairer even than its fair promise, when it came to be explored, and the windings of the sparkling Bode stream followed through its romantic prison walls. To the right, the Ross-trappe rose hundreds of feet above the valley; and to the left, the Hexentanzplatz towered even higher. And tier on tier rose the luxuriant growth of foliage, beech, birch, and feathery elder; and in and out among the brushwood twined the tangling creepers, weaving a labyrinth of delicate stems and leaves, that dropped a-nigh the shining waters, and almost bridged them over in their narrower twistings, and looked down into them, only to see fringings as fair rising up from the placid depths. Or they turned aside their straggling outshoots to let the leaping, foaming torrent—as it dashed over an unexpected impediment of huge stones—pass by without carrying away any of their graceful tendrils.

Not that Diana saw all this, as she looked upon the entrance to the valley; she only knew it was there; and she looked into the green, and purple, and gold that the sunlight painted by turns on the masses of fairy forest in the distance, until it would have seemed no miracle to her if she had heard the horn of Oberon sound, and seen an elfin hunting train dash forth from the glowing woods. For Diana seemed to be living in an enchanted land, so lovely was the picturesque Hartz region in which she found herself.

The hotel in which she and the Seatons were staying was the largest in Thale, and there were no English there but themselves. Most of the people came from Hamburg, or Berlin, or Brunswick, or from some of the large towns northward; whole families—fathers, mothers, children—all enjoying themselves with that contented happiness that is so pleasant a trait in German life. Some of the children odd-looking enough, and with excellent appetites, and full of the careless, thoughtless, reckless happiness that only comes in childhood, and which the older heads and older hearts should be so chary of dispelling. Diana was fond of children, and would sometimes lure a stray child for a few minutes' conversation; and with childish ingratitude, having received its bon-bons, it would hurry away after its more congenial playmates, and leave her smilingly saying to herself—"Such is the world!"

The Seatons had journeyed northward once more; and Jasper had avoided, as much as possible, the routes frequented by English travellers—his object being to keep Diana completely in the dark respecting all home affairs; and the world was so small, that there was no knowing how information that would be prejudicial to his designs might accidentally become known to her through meeting with English strangers. For Jasper knew that John Carteret had left Linthorp without any intention of becoming engaged to Miss Wardlaw. He did not, however, know where he was at the present time; and therefore he lived in constant apprehension of what might unluckily transpire.

Diana's only correspondent was Signora Neri, and from her Jasper did not fear much, since he knew that Broadmead was the last place that John Carteret would be likely to visit, and also that the Neris were not on sufficiently intimate terms with the rector and his wife to hear from them of his movements, even if Dr. Crawford—which was not probable—should happen to hear anything about them.

At Thale, Jasper felt more at ease than he had done at most places; and, moved by Diana's extreme admiration of it and its surroundings, he determined to remain there for some time longer.

This morning had been so warm, that Diana had prevailed upon Mrs. Seaton to have breakfast brought out upon the large balcony, as so many other people did: and she was sitting sipping her coffee, and looking out upon the tangled woods, changing with the different lights that sun and cloud cast over them, and now and then peeping from under the awning high up into the blue sky, and then covering her eyes, half blinded by the dazzling light.

Jasper was watching her; and the thought in his heart was—

"Is it peace and content at last—has the storm quite died out?"

Diana, suddenly looking up, found his eyes fixed upon her so earnestly that they seemed to be asking her a question.

"What is it, Jasper?" she asked. "Is it anything that I can tell you?"

"I was wondering what you saw in the distance, Di, that made you look so thoughtful."

But she made no reply; for at one of the tables near her there was a sudden movement, owing to the arrival on the balcony of a tall, slight English girl, whose voice brought the color into Diana's cheeks, and sent her thoughts so far away that she did not attend to Jasper's question.

And yet she had never heard the voice before, though it sounded so familiar to her; neither had she ever seen the speaker, a tall, slight girl, with dark brown hair, whose face she could not see, but who was bidding good-by to an elderly German lady whom Diana had before noticed on account of her benevolent countenance. She, too, spoke in English. But the English girl's voice was the voice that Diana heard; and it seemed to carry her home to Broadmead to her Paradise, to John Carteret.

Jasper Seaton half started at the sound of an English voice—he had believed himself to be so safe in that remote German village; and though he had no associations with it, yet it made him feel sufficiently uneasy to forget to repeat his question. But there was nothing in the words to cause him alarm; and yet a vague apprehension took possession of him, and he listened eagerly, though he appeared to be engrossed in the newspaper that had just been put into his hands.

"Both going to leave Thale on the same day," said the younger lady. "Mine has been a very flying visit this time, only I felt that I must have another peep at you before going back to England. Where shall you be when I next hear from you?"

"In my own home, at Leipsic. You must think of me there, with Lotta and all the grandchildren."

"And you must give them a thousand kisses for me; and tell them that some day I shall return to have another game of play with them. Ah! I am sorry to leave this German land of yours. I have been very happy in it. The streets of London will seem so dark and misty after your clear, bright skies."

"Tell thy mother that I should like to see her once again. Will she not come? I am too old to go so far as England. I have so many grandchildren now—so many to leave, for all my sons and daughters are married, and but one of hers."

"One at present. But you forget that I am going home to my brother's wedding. I shall have another sister soon—a very pretty one, I hear, though I have not yet seen her."

And Diana, though she sat looking upon the fairy forests dreamily, saw them not; her ears were drinking in the tones of the speaker's voice, which had so strange an effect upon her.

At length the farewell came; and the elder lady rose to accompany her friend into the house. As they passed Diana, she looked up, and the younger lady half paused—for an involuntary gleam of recognition shone in Diana's face as the two gazed for a moment steadily at one another. But there was some mistake, and the strangers passed on—the younger one saying to her companion when they were out of hearing—

"What a sweet face! I almost seemed to know it; and it is one that will not be easily forgotten."

And, in the same moment, Diana was wondering to herself if she had seen a vision of a familiar face. Yet it was unlike it in its likeness; the eyes were dark, the hair was dark, and the face brilliant in coloring—a brunette complexion, tinged with the bloom of the peach—a sparkling, handsome face, whose accidental expression of interest, aided by the voice, had reminded her of John Carteret.

And now it was gone, yet still the old memories swept by, making more vivid pictures for her than ever, and bringing out the golden patch in the past that made all that went before, and all that had come since, so dark and desolate; an olive garden in a desert land. And she lifted up her eyes, and they fell upon the forest-clad heights and the blue sky above, looking so calm and beautiful that nature seemed to breathe peace and quiet into her soul, and to carry her far away into more blessed regions beyond the earth. Jasper was watching her from behind his paper. Had an English voice such power over her still?"

"Di!"

Then she was recalled, and she remembered that Jasper had asked her a question that she had never answered; and she asked, as before—

"What is it, Jasper?"

But it had faded from his mind also, and other thoughts had entered there.

"Do you feel fit for a ramble to-day, Di? Do you think you could manage our long projected walk up to the Ross-trappe?"

"I should like it of all things, Jasper. I should not be in the least tired." For she felt as though action would be the best thing for her, and help her to get rid of the vain regrets that were stealing over her. "Besides, we can take our time, and rest on the way. Yes, I am certain I shall enjoy it."

She drew nearer to the side of the balcony, and looking over, she watched the departure of the English girl. The railway station was close by. She saw her cross the open space lying between it and the hotel; she saw the door close upon her. The train was waiting, it would soon be off, and the dim vision would be at an end; but she felt that she could not move away until she had watched the train start.

"I wonder who she is?" burst unconsciously from her lips. "I should so like to see her again. I almost spoke to her, Jasper."

Jasper Seaton laughed a slightly nervous laugh: some of his up-buildings were coming to pieces again, he feared.

"I will try to find out, Di," he replied.

"She could not have been staying here, or we should have seen her before," said Diana, meditatively.

And Jasper went away, and did not return until near dinner-time.

"You have found out her name," said Diana. "What is it—and how do you know?"

"How can you tell that I have found out?"

"By your face—you cannot deceive me, Jasper."

Jasper instinctively shrank back. Then, recovering himself, he answered—

"Yes, I have found out the name. The lady, as you supposed, was not staying here, but at the Hubertusbad; and her name is—"

He paused; but Diana, moved by a sudden intuition, filled up the blank—

"Her name is Carteret!"

It was the first time she had spoken it for many months, and it sounded strange to both of them.

"How did you know?" asked Jasper, in some surprise.

"Then I am right," said Diana.

And the words of the English girl fell with a heavy chill upon her heart: "I am going home to my brother's wedding!"

The tidings she had waited for from England had come at last; and how strangely! She had seen John Carteret's sister, and had heard from her lips of his approaching marriage.

She did not speak for a minute; then she turned her white face to Jasper, and asked—

"What time will you like to set off after dinner?"

"Di!—my poor, poor child!" exclaimed Jasper Seaton.

And perhaps, as he looked into the white face now that it was all over, he might have felt a touch of remorse, a shadow of repentance.

But Diana was gone, and Jasper was left to wonder over what he had heard; and his heart was lighter, for time was working marvels in his favor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ Tints of autumn are beginning to appear where the woodbine twineth.

☞ Immense fires are raging in the woods in Northern California and Oregon.

☞ An Indiana groom was 91, and the bride 106. They were married without the consent of their parents.

☞ A "Fat Men's Base Ball Club" played at Binghampton, N. Y., the other day, the aggregate weight of the players being 4,000 pounds.

☞ On account of being discharged, an Indiana laborer bored a hole through his employer with his little revolver.

☞ Pic-nics in the neighborhood of Norfolk, wind up by the girls standing in a long row, while the young men go along the line and kiss them all good-night.

☞ New Jersey has published the following pathetic epitaph:—

She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
All empty stands her little chair—
She died of eatin' watermelin'.

☞ A Judge in Kansas angrily dismissed a case because the complainant, a widow of 50, stated her age at 32.

☞ A leading article—A locomotive.

☞ Food for toadies—Sponge-cake.

☞ A Californian, worth $270,000, fell in love with a lady in a Columbus (Ohio) street car, recently, and married her.

☞ A DOMESTIC REVELATION.—*Nice Boy*—"I'm jolly glad you're going to stop with us." *Visitor*—"Are you, darling? Why so?" *Nice Boy*—"'Cause we shall have nice dinners now."

☞ A young Williamsburgher thought he would play a little with a shark. The shark also took a hand in the game—the young man's hand.

☞ The man who popped the question by "starlight," got his sweetheart's consent in a twinkling.

☞ They have established jury trial among the Fijis. When a prisoner is found guilty of a capital offence, the jurymen roast and eat him. It saves the Sheriff's fees.

☞ Horace Greeley, in his religious address at Akron, Ohio, spoke of the Almighty as the "Author of all things." The Louisville Ledger trusts he did not design to involve his Maker in any responsibility for that book about farming.

☞ If not the human race, at least a boat-race illustrates the Darwinian tail theory—one or more boats always come out considerably behind, you know.

☞ Ice from Boston is sold in Japan.

☞ Victor Hugo is reported to be dangerously ill.

☞ A Canada boy has a menagerie of twenty-nine mud turtles.

☞ Advices from Zanzibar announces the receipt of positive intelligence of the safety of Dr. Livingstone. The authority for the statement is unquestionable, and its truth certain. A party of Americans are hurrying into the interior, with the object of rescuing the doctor from his perilous position.

☞ The notorious French novelist, Paul de Kock, is dead.

☞ FOWL PLAY.—On Sunday, while a minister was holding forth in a country church, a crowd got up a cock-fight in the yard. The people who had congregated went out to stop the fight, but waited until the battle was over before objecting. The minister looked out of the window at the crowd, and said, "We are all miserable sinners; which beat?"

☞ The annual prediction of a tidal wave is out. This time, on the night of the 5th, or the morning of the 6th of October, the fifty-feet high oceanic invasion is to sweep over the coasts of the Western Continent from Cape Hatteras to Bahia! The prophecy is sufficiently latitudenarian to suit any lover of anticipated marvels.

☞ "Don't trouble busy editors. Quilp stepped into the imperial sanctum this morning to ask what he'd better write about. "Write about!" growled the disgusted chief, "I think you had better right-about face!"

☞ A man in love is a man who wishes to be more amiable and agreeable than he can be, and this is the reason why almost all men in love are ridiculous.

☞ The man who ran away from his creditors, concluded to stop and take arrest.

☞ A Connecticut hen has been setting for several week on a dozen apples. Her owner says he doesn't know what she intends to hatch, unless it be a barrel of cider.—*Exchange.* There is an old story that a deal of mischief was once hatched from an apple. Make the hen stand up.—*Saco Independent.*

☞ The daily paper printed at Wild Cat, Arkansas, is very appropriately named the Evening Caterwaul.

☞ The policeman at the Union Railroad depot is asked a great many foolish questions every day. One morning an Irishman accosted him as follows: "Where does this road go to, sir-r?" "I don't know," replied the wit, "I find it here every morning when I come."

☞ An Indiana dog still lives with four bullets and twenty-eight doses of strychnine in him.

☞ "Doesn't this lovely scene animate you?" asked Anna, of her lover. "No," said he, "nothing but you can Anna-mate me. Oh! say yes, my darling." She did say yes, and his cup of animation was full.

☞ A singular and beautiful incident occurred at a funeral in Cape Ann the other day. Just at the conclusion of the services over the remains, a white dove suddenly made its appearance, and after making the circuit of the apartment, alighted upon the head of the rector who had conducted the services. There it quietly remained until removed and properly cared for. It did not belong to the family, but was the property of a neighbor who resides on the same street.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head. The prices realized from 7@7½ cents ₱ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to $80 ₱ head. Sheep—18,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₱ lb. 2033 Hogs sold at from $6,50 to $6,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

R. R. R.

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PRACTICAL NOTES

FOR

FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY A LADY.

No. 8.

The Yo Semite Valley.

The stage was to start from Murphies at eight A. M., and whether to go, or not to go, to the valley was a question left for my decision. To be so near, after coming so far, and not be able to endure the fatigue, would be a disappointment too great for sufferance. Therefore I decided to go, trusting, as I said, to burnt brandy and power of will to carry me through—and the combination proved a success.

The morning was fine, and the wind favorable, so that the dust did not annoy. The stage was well packed till we reached Valecita, four miles distant, when the load was assorted, some being booked for "Frisco," the remainder for the valley.

The Yo Semite party consisted of six gentleman and one lady, your most obedient. We immediately took an inventory of each other, and the result proved harmonious. For the credit of my sex, I resolved not to be an incumbrance in any manner, but to keep pace with the gentlemen, thus avoiding the usual blessing (?) extended because I was a woman. Three of the gentlemen were English, and one Scotch, the latter known as the "infant" of the party, being twenty-three years of age, six feet four inches in height, and weighing two hundred and six pounds—his presence was rather suggestive of the "big trees."

On reaching Sonora at 2.10 P. M., where we were to dine and be transferred to another line of coaches, we found our driver had failed to come up to time, and the other coach had left. In answer to the query what was to be done, the proprietor of the hotel coolly replied, "remain over till to-morrow." This was adding "insult to injury," for the failure to make the connection was owing to a baulky horse. While ascending a steep mountain he refused to proceed, and at the risk of an accident we had uncomplainingly borne with the brute, and this was the reward. The agent of the line was sent for, and inquiry made why an empty coach was permitted to leave before the through passengers arrived. I, seeing the spirit of rebellion on the faces of my companions, left them, granting them the privileges of their sex in arranging business affairs, and retired to a lounge to wait the progress of events. Soon it was arranged that a private stage should convey us to the next point, and the amount of stage fare be deducted from the expense from the points travelled in private conveyance. This proved an agreeable change; and with four good horses we left at 4 P. M. Our ride was delightful, up the mountains, down into canons, the road winding through forests of large trees, and reaching Garrote at 8.30 P. M., where we were to spend the night. It was rather a doubtful place, judging by the name, to procure a good night's rest, yet we hoped for it, having ridden forty-five miles since breakfast.

My remembrance of that night is not one to dwell upon. The rest hoped for, to prepare me for the starting again at four o'clock the following morning, proved an aggravated unrest, and I was quite ready to leave Garrote after three-quarters of an hour's sleep and hoping for better lodgings at the valley.

After a ride of four hours, we stopped for breakfast. It is rather astonishing to find what tourists submit to. When we entered the breakfast room, hungry for anything that was the least palatable, there really was nothing to eat. It was best to be merry, as we were travelling for pleasure, and paying a good price for the article. So holding up what was called a napkin, but was in reality a piece of old tablecloth six inches square, the laugh commenced. I pitied the poor gentlemen, for they had the appetite—to me it was little matter, for I had not felt hungry for a week.

At 1.30 we reached Crane's Flat, where we were to take horses for the remainder of the distance. There a really good dinner waited us. The public are all deceived by the advertisements of the different lines; so anxious are they to shorten the distance for horseback riding, that they calculate roads that are unfinished, considering them complete. There are the Hutchings' route, and the Mariposa route; we decided to go by Hutchings', and returning, take the Mariposa, which is certainly the best plan, in my opinion. You must decide in your hotel before leaving Crane's Flat, that your baggage may be packed for its destination. Hearing that Hutchings had built a cottage apart from his house, we declared our intentions to the guide of stopping there, provided we could be accommodated at the cottage, which accommodation was promised. The party all agreed to keep together, and the horses were brought to the door. What an array of horse flesh, no, *not flesh*, but what horses! First came the pack horse. I saw my valise safely stored in the bottom of the sack, and thought—that is safe—but had some doubts about it when later in the day, the old horse fancied fording through a deep pond, and my baggage being the lowest, was nearest to danger. After all were mounted, the cavalcade started for an eighteen miles ride. By another season this will be shortened to half the distance, a carriage road being nearly completed; but this year only the advertisement was finished.

At first I was disappointed, as the trail was so much easier than I supposed, but soon it grew more rugged, and at last I said, "This is more as I fancied it," and forgot all pain or fatigue in the glorious beauty that surrounded me. I had so many to escort me, that everything was done kind hearts could do for my comfort. But I grew strong with nature's beauties, and my fatigue forgotten through admiration. The horses are so trained to the descent, that they step carefully from rock to rock—only one horse made a bad misstep. It requires a courageous heart, and a previous knowledge of riding is of great assistance. The day we entered the valley was the fairest of the fair, we could not ask for one more beautiful. All of the party being accustomed to riding, we were not detained, and finished the descent just as the sun was going down.

As you ride over the bright green grass, the mountains seem to close upon you, forming a giant wall, shutting you in from all the world. The trail leads along the banks of the Yo Semite, and we passed the Bridal Veil Fall while over it hung a beautiful rainbow, the parting gift of the dying day.

We reached Hutching's at seven P.M. It is a plain two-story house, not at all prepossessing in appearance; yet we welcomed it as a resting place, and not till I dismounted did I realize how much I had demanded of my strength. Yet was I more than paid, and felt it was enough to see Yo Semite and die."

The cottage our fancy pictured, and the real one, were very different. We were shown to our apartment, but advised by a friend who occupied a room in the cottage, to be guarded in conversation, as nothing but a frame work covered with muslin, divided the rooms. Much amusement was derived from this fact. I would advise my married readers to beware of this said cottage, as being bad for matrimonial disputes.

Mr. Hutchings prescribed native wine, which he is apt to do, on our arrival, and mother Hutchings I thank publicly for the beef tea she made, and which enabled me to regain my strength. The air in the valley is invigorating, and it is a temptation to linger here, and those are favored who have not to count the days before leaving.

The Yo Semite Falls is in front of the Hutchings' hotel, and appears quite near, though it is three-quarters of a mile off. It comprises three falls—the first of 1600 feet, the second of 434 feet, the third of 600 feet, making in all a fall of 2634 feet.

The day following our arrival, we visited this fall, and reclining on a rock near the foot, looking up the lowest fall a distance of six hundred feet, as the spray flouted over me, I felt that this fall alone might induce one to endure great hardship to gain sight of it. Its appearance is constantly changing, owing to the wind wafting the spray in a variety of forms.

The next day we devoted to Mirror Lake—making a horseback ride of ten miles it being five miles from Hutchings'. Most perfect is its reflection of sky, mountain, tree and shrub. The lake is not over one hundred yards across, but the water generally is as clear as crystal, and makes a most mirror-like reflection.

After our return, our travelling companions ascended the mountain on foot to the top of the Yo Semite Falls, and we could watch them climbing from point to point and hear their mountain call. They returned weary enough to satisfy them to remain quiet the rest of the evening.

Arrangements were made to leave Hutchings' the next morning for Nevada and Vernal Falls, and another party joining us, we presented quite an effect on bidding adieu. The line moved at 8.30, going single file in true Indian style, and riding up the valley, we passed many points of interest, till reaching the head, we commenced a rapid ascent. The trail taking us under forest trees by the side of the Merced river, dashing wildly down its rocky bed, between huge rocks, and over many a hard point did our poor nags have to travel; the last hour it was mounting higher, yet higher—a sort of Excelsior ride. The only way to retain the seat in the saddle was to lean forward, holding on to the horse's mane. Most of the party were quite ready to leave their steeds for a chair in the plain home of Mrs. Snow, the name of the landlady with whom we passed the night. We entered the house with a smile at the accommodations offered. The landlady was a true Vermonter, who soon and naturally fell into familiar converse.

One after another sauntered off, hoping her attention might be given to the dinner we were hungry for, but had we known the bill of fare, I think we would have shown more patience, yet when we remembered that every potato was brought there on pack horses, and sold for ten cents a pound, with other articles in the same proportion, our criticisms became more moderate.

After dinner we walked to the Nevada Falls, which are 700 feet high—then leaving them in their noble beauty, we started for a longer ramble, finding such views; so grand, so sublime! As we stood at the head of Emerald Lake, the torrent came rushing from Nevada Falls under a rustic bridge, and spreading out like a silver veil over a broad flat rock made one great plunge, and settled into a calm lake, so green it is called emerald; and its banks were bordered with green shrubs, intermixed with large white azaliae. Passing on we came to the head of the Vernal Falls, and while some one held our hands firmly, we leaned over and looked three hundred and fifty feet to the foot of the Falls. These are the most beautiful of all the Falls. We descended as near the foot as possible. It was a difficult undertaking, even though a new flight of steps have been built a portion of the way; and yet though weary and foot-sore, we felt that and yet more would be cheerfully endured, when repaid by the beauty that greeted us.

The party divided again the next day—some for Cloud's Rest, and our party for Perigord's. Before leaving, a gentleman who had climbed to the top of the highest peak of the "Cap of Liberty," handed me a piece of cambric, saying, "I took this off the handkerchief that Miss Anna Dickinson planted as a flag, when she ascended this mountain. She being the first lady to reach the summit." Though placed there several years ago, it yet floats over the valley, and can be seen by the aid of a glass. I received it with thanks, and placed it among my treasures.

Having a long and difficult ride before us, we left Snow's at 7.30 A. M., and following a new trail, being the fourth party to pass over it, found it a very "hard road to travel." Even the guide admitted it was an undertaking in the condition it was then in, though they were improving it daily. At one place our guide lost the trail, and we were detained some time in hunting it. The views along the ride were so fine, we were glad we ventured over it. At one place the trail struck a valley called Lillipet by the Indians, meaning beautiful, and most appropriate was the name. At this place the guide having to stop to arrange the baggage on our pack horse, I took the lead, and had the honor of leading for some time, watching closely the "blazes" cut on the trees. I did not once lose the trail, but riding too fast for some of the party, had the pleasure of knowing it was lost by those who were left behind, and they were *men*.

After riding fifteen miles, we reached Perigord's which is one of the principal stopping places, and promises better accommodations in the future than any other place on the route. We had a good meal here, and required it, for we intended to ride twelve miles more before night set in. Mounting our horses, who did not seem to show any more fatigue than usual, we rode to Sentinel Rock, which soars four thousand five hundred feet above the valley, and a magnificent view is obtained from the summit. Then we rode to Glacier Point, and this is the grand finale. This ought ever to be the last spot visited—here the last look given to the beautiful valley. From here you recognize each place you have visited. Off to the right, the Nevada Falls form a broad line of silver, terminating in a narrow band—then the smaller fall below, and the Emerald Lake; then, lower yet, the Vernal Falls and the cloud of spray beyond; while, above them, tower peak after peak, snow resting in some of the canons, whitening the summits. A little further to the left you recognize the Yo Semite Falls. The valley, 4,000 feet below, lies like a garden spot, forming a lovely picture; the river, like a silver ribbon, winding through it.

The last view is one indelibly impressed upon my memory. There is no desire to see more. We returned to the hotel, impressed with the beauties that God has so lavishly bestowed upon this valley.

The day was one to try our strength, but the gentlemen did not find mine wanting, and we parted for the night with resolves to continue a forward movement on the morrow.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Experiences of a Diver.

I have lately had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. J. Wood, of Herne Bay, who has followed the business of a diver for upwards of twenty-two years, and who has now retired after a long and active service.

Mr. Wood made his first start in life by an extraordinary, and as it turned out, a very lucky piece of diving. If the reader will look at the map of Ireland, he will see that outside of Belfast Lough, and a little to the southwest, opposite Donaghadee, are situated the Copeland Islands. It so happened that a Whitstable man was a coast-guard in this district. He heard a legend that a ship laden with a heavy cargo of silver had been wrecked off the Copeland Islands some half a century ago. He therefore communicated with some of his friends at Whitstable who were divers. Accordingly Mr. Wood and four others put their diving dresses on board a vessel, and sailed from Whitstable to Donaghadee. The story they heard when they got there was, that the wrecked vessel was in the slave trade, and that she had on board when she struck on the rocks a large number of slaves, and a considerable sum of money in the form of silver dollars. Nothing would have been known of the wreck having taken place had not somebody discovered human limbs projecting above the surface of the water. It appears that the people on board the ship had tried to escape; they had filled their shirt-sleeves with dollars, but in getting up the rocks many of them had fallen back and met with an untimely end, as the weight of the dollars had kept their heads under water. No one had ever disturbed the wreck since it happened, so Mr. Wood and his friends set to work to find out where it was. They put on their diving dresses, and for two or three days walked about to and fro at the bottom of the sea, in about forty feet of water, searching for the treasure. This they did by clearing away the weeds and turning over the stones with crowbars, and feeling for the dollars with their hands, as the water was too thick to see through. The wreck itself had entirely perished through the lapse of time. After a long and careful search at last they came upon the dollars: they were spread about among the stones, but many had slipped down among a heap of iron ore which had formed the ballast of the ship. Many of the dollars were worn away thin by the action of the waves. Some were lying separate, others in great lumps like rocks soldered together by iron, certainly in some cases the handcuffs used for the slaves. Some days the divers got two hundred dollars, sometimes three hundred, sometimes a thousand; the best day they got five thousand. In all, the number of dollars they got up from the wreck was about twenty-five thousand, a considerable sum of money when reduced to English pounds.

Mr. Wood showed me one of the dollars, which he always carries about with him. The following is the inscription: On one side, "Carolus iiij. Dei Gratia. 1797. Hispan et Ind Rex M S B FM." The coin is about the size of an old five-shilling piece. The "Divers' Arms," near the clock-tower at Herne Bay, of which Mr. Wood is proprietor, owes its existence to the discovery of these dollars. Mr. Wood had on this occasion a curious under-water adventure. One of the divers complained that he was annoyed by a lobster, and couldn't work. Mr. Wood learned the whereabouts of the lobster, and went down after him. He soon discovered Mr. Lobster sitting under a rock, looking as savage as a lobster can look. His feelers were pointed well forward, and he held out his two great claws wide open in a threatening attitude. Wood, knowing the habits of lobsters, gave this fellow his crowbar, which he immediately nipped with his claws. Then, watching his opportunity, he passed his signal line over the lobster's tail, made it fast, and signalled to the men above to haul up. This they *did*, and instantly away went Mr. Lobster flying up through the water into the air above, with his claws still expanded, and as scared as a lobster could be.

A great conger-eel also paid the divers a visit. He was an immense fellow, and kept swimming around Wood, but would not come near him. Wood was afraid of his hand being bitten, as a conger bite is very bad. He once knew a diver whose finger was seized by a conger. The brute took all the flesh clean off the man's finger. A conger is a very dangerous animal in the water. However, this conger kept swimming round about Wood, so he took his clasp-knife out and tried to stab him; but the conger would not come near enough to be killed. It was a long while before the conger would go away, and, even after he had gone away, Wood could not go on working, because he was not sure that he was really gone for good, and it might have come out of some corner at any time and nipped his fingers.

Mr. Wood has had other adventures with fish when working under water. He was once employed in fixing some heavy stones in the harbor of Dover. While waiting for the stones to come down from the ship above, he sat down on a rock, and being very quiet, a shoal of whiting pout came up to examine the strange visitor to their sub-aqueous residence; they played all about him, and kept on biting at the thick glass which formed the eyes of his diving helmet: so next time when Wood went down he took with him a fish-hook fastened into the end of a short stick—a gaff, in fact. The pouts came around him as usual, and he gaffed them one after another with his hook. He then strung them on a string and came up, after his day's work was over, with a goodly fry of whiting pouts for supper.

On another occasion Wood was employed to bring up some pigs of lead from the hold of a vessel. When he was walking about on the top of the load he felt something alive under his feet. It kicked tremendously, but he knelt down upon it to keep it steady; he soon ascertained that it was an enormous skate that he was standing upon, so he served him as he did the lobster. He watched his opportunity and slipped the noose of his line around the skate's tail; he then signalled to "haul," and up went Master Skate, flapping his great wings like a wounded eagle, and mightily astonished were the people in the boat when they found a monster skate on the end of the line and no pig of lead.

Wood once nearly lost his life when at the bottom of the sea. A Prussian vessel had gone down off the Mouse Buoy in the Thames estuary. The captain was drowned in his cabin, and Wood had undertaken to get him out if he possibly could. Arriving at the bottom of the sea, Wood found the vessel lying over on her side, and that she had gone down with all her sails set. He tried to get into the cabin, but found the main mast all over the cabin door. He was just about to return, when he found that his air-pipe and signal line had suddenly got jammed. Fully aware of his very dangerous position, and without losing his presence of mind, he sat quietly on the edge of the vessel and considered. The men above were signalling to him violently to come up, but he could not answer, as the line was jammed. He took out his pocket-knife, and thought two or three times of cutting himself adrift. As a last chance, he determined to adopt another course, so he climbed up the rigging, among the great wet sails and loose ropes, as well as he could, and fortunately found the place where his air-pipe was hitched. He carefully loosened it, gave the signal, and was hauled up immediately. If I understand right the line was clear enough when he went down, but while he was at work on the sunken ship the tide changed, and carrying his pipe and line in the opposite direction to that in which it had been originally conducted, it became jammed. He did not get to the surface one instant too soon, for the boat was just drifting, as her anchors would not hold.

Progress may be Downward as well as Upward.

Charles Kingsley sensibly says:—

"Civilization may fall as well as rise. They who talk of a continual progress upward in man forget how many facts there are against them. Has Greece risen or fallen in the last two thousand years? Has the whole East risen or fallen in the last thousand years? Has Spain risen or fallen in the last two hundred years? In America alone have not two great civilizations, that of Mexico and that of Peru, sunk into savagery again during the last three hundred years?

"Go into any of our great cities, and see what human beings become if left to themselves. Is not an average street Arab as very a savage as a Fuegian, and far more of a savage than an Esquimaux? That is the natural tendency of man by the laws of his nature—not to become a Shakespeare, still less a Moses, but to become a dirty, lying ruffian, like an average savage, and like, alas! too many English men, and women, and children now.

"Degradation in mankind is as easy and as common as progress. You have only to leave civilized human beings to themselves, for them to become savages; and the struggle of all wise and good men is to counteract that tendency in men to fall and not to rise."

STRANGELY do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow; overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

THE earth is either solid or has an exceedingly thick crust, becoming harder as we descend, harder than any known rock. At least, that is the conclusion pointed at in a paper presented to the British Association by the Tidal Committee for the year. They have ascertained that if the earth had only a shell of solid rock, say fifty miles in thickness, enclosing melted matter, it would yield under the tide almost as freely as a liquid. A globe of glass of the same size as the earth would yield like india rubber, and it is probable from a series of experiments that the earth as a whole is vastly more rigid than any rock upon her surface, a fact which, it is suggested, may be due to the excessive pressure in the interior. Well, but volcanoes and geysers? If there is not fire down there, not many miles deep, how do they come?

FOUND LATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY GIPSY WILDE.

Found late, but found!
The sweetest thing that God has given,
The purest pearl this side of Heaven;
This boon.

Found late, but found!
No phantasm this, whose beauteous woof
Will soon break thro'; with surer proof
Of frailty;
But firm, and strong,
And life-enduring, and after this,
A reign of never ending bliss
For us.

Found late, but found!
No vision this, whose filmy beam
Is fickle as the moonlight's gleam,
And fleeting;
But a picture true,
Whose rare old lights, and matchless grace,
Run in golden lines to trace
Perfection.

No fancy wild
Flooding the soul with glory-light;
Fading to leave us only blight
And darkness!
But a glorious real,
A royal truth, a loyal love,
A presage of that bliss above—
Immortal.

Found late, but found!
No idol falling to the dust,
No fabric tarnished by the lust
Of Evil;
But Fairer
Than fairest ideal dream,
Bright as a peerless seraph gleam—
Our actual.

Found late, but found!
Of happiness this side of Heaven—
The rarest thing to mortal given—
Repletion.

POND LILIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY T. A. B.

"What a beautiful sunset!"

"How lovely!" "Exquisite!" "Perfect!" echoed the chorus of girls to the exclamation of the first speaker.

Lily Colson stood upon a gently undulating, moss-covered bit of ground, surrounded by a few particular friends, all of whom were admiring the brilliant colors of a most gorgeous sunset, which would have done credit to the sunny land of Italy, or any tropical part of our favored world.

"How I wish that Saturday would be as lovely a day as this has been," remarked Lily, who turned away as the bright tints faded from the sky. "I do want to get some of those beautiful pond lilies so very much, and our pic-nic will be a nice one, without doubt, and moreover will be just by the Milton Lake, so it will be such a good chance; the finest lilies in the state luxuriate in its waters, you know, girls?"

"Yes, indeed," said Susie Reese.

"I never saw such a queer girl as you are, Lily Colson," said Magdalene Ware. "You seem to like those miserable, washed-out looking things better than the prettiest flowers in your garden."

"So I do," answered Lily; "although I love all the blossoms given to us by God, still I prefer them above all others. Well," changing her tone, "do your best, girls, about fixing our pic-nic nicely; I shall not forget to have a lot of good things prepared for the occasion. It's getting dark now. Good-night."

"Good-night!" cried the girls as they separated for their respective homes.

The day of the pic-nic dawned clearly. A bright, balmy morning in early autumn, a sky of surpassing beauty, beaming above a quiet, tidy-looking little village, nestled coolly among the soft blue hills of Pennsylvania. The sun was just peeping from behind a billowy mass of glowing rose-colored clouds, and little rays of golden light were darting dazzlingly across the broad expanse of the firmament.

Lily sprang from her bed and rushed to the window, and gave vent to her feelings in a little scream of delight at the cheerful prospect met her view.

She was soon dressed—plainly we admit, but tastefully as well; her attire consisting of a simple white mull suit, fitting closely to her handsome figure; a large "sundown," with pale sea green ribbons floating gracefully behind, forming a picture of simplicity and sweetness.

Bidding an affectionate farewell to her parents, the little four-year old Nannie and the baby, she started, basket in hand, for the place of meeting, about a quarter of a mile distant from her dwelling.

A joyous crowd of eager and merry faces turned towards her as she drew near, and she was greeted with smiles from the girls, and cheers from the boys and young men, for Lily was the pet and pride of the village, and there were very few of the youths who would not exult in her love and risk life itself in her defence; while the girls, instead of hating her as a rival, regarded her as a dear sister and friend. But it was generally understood that handsome Willie Porter was the favored suitor.

The large wagons were soon conveying as happy a party as ever went to such a rural pleasure, and mirth and music was the order of the day. Everything passed off as it should on such a gala-day as this; but after the time was pretty well spent, Lily slipped away from her companions and ran toward the edge of the lake, about an eighth of a mile from the camp. It was quite a large body of water, and tantalizing to relate, the coveted lilies were at some distance from the shore. However, she advanced toward a bunch of high reeds and water-grass, and from its concealment pulled forth a neat little skiff, belonging to Davy Jones, the fisherman.

She did not hesitate to unfasten the boat, push it from the edge of the bank, and spring in with the agility of a monkey; as she could row tolerably well, and Davy had placed his property at her disposal.

In a few minutes she was near the sweet-scented blossoms, and commenced plucking them in great numbers, as she intended to carry back a boat-load; so that all the young folks might have their share of the snow-white treasures.

"Why, where has Lily Colson gone?" cried Susie Reese.

All the company looked from one to another, as if asking the question.

"Oh, I guess I know," said a small boy; "I saw her go out in Davy Jones's skiff—gone home, like enough."

"Well, it is strange she didn't tell us," said Susie; and all the rest nodded assent.

"She's either gone to get some pond-lilies or else started for home, I know; and it's time for us to do the same," replied Magdalene.

Just as the company were preparing to start on their homeward journey, a piercing scream burst upon their ears, followed by a heavy plunge into the waters of the lake—causing an icy chill to benumb every faculty, and render them helpless by its power.

"Help! oh, Willie, help"—and the sound died away in shrill echoes amongst the hill tops. Then only was it that every hearer became alive to the full sense of the danger of their young companion.

Willie Porter thought of but one thing—that his darling Lily (doubly dear in her distress) was drowning in the transparent depths of Milton Lake—perishing almost before his very eyes. The thought was maddening. He ran to the bank, and paused in dismay. No sign of the loved one was to be seen. Could she be lost to him forever! At this moment he caught sight of her white dress swaying with the ripple of the tide.

One flying leap—a plunge—and he seized her firmly, as she rose for the last time; and using one arm to swim with, he soon reached the shore, where all of the young folks were assembled to await them.

A dozen stout fellows rushed waist deep into the stream, and both rescuer and rescued were safe on land once more.

What a scene was that which followed! The boys shook hands and thanked Heaven for the deliverance of their favorite; and as for the *girls*, they could hardly attempt to restore her, for they laughed and cried in such an hysterical manner, that they were nearly as much exhausted as the limp form before them.

Independent Magdalene Ware collected herself with an effort, and issued her orders to waste no time, but to whip up the horses and make the utmost speed for returning to the village. She meanwhile seated herself by the unconscious Lily, who had been placed in one of the lightest wagons, and with the assistance of several of the girls, began to do the utmost to revive her; while Willie, who drove the wagon, lashed the horses until they fairly seemed to fly.

And it was not long before the festive ground was left to itself, in silence and in twilight.

Mr. and Mrs. Colson were seated in their snug little parlor, only waiting for their daughter to return; when they expected to enjoy a quiet supper with their children, and be ready to listen to Lily's experience of the day.

The opening of the garden gate attracted their attention, and the small boy mentioned in another part of our story, came pattering along the gravelled walk, the tears streaming from his eyes; and paused at length before the cottage window.

"Oh! Mr. Colson," he exclaimed, choked with sobs and gasps for breath: "poor Miss Lily's tumbled into the water, and got drowned! Oh, dear, dear!"

Mrs. Colson sprang to her feet, and would have fallen to the floor, but for the support of her husband.

"*Drowned!*" they shrieked, simultaneously.

At that moment confused voices were heard outside, and exclamations of pity and sorrow; those in the house stood paralyzed.

The door was thrown open, and Willie entered, bearing the insensible Lilly in his arms: walking into the room he placed her on a lounge near the door.

The distracted mother tottered forward, and gazed upon her child.

Yes! there she lay; pale and still, cold and rigid as stone—yet how lovely that face in its marble whiteness!

Her long yellow hair hung in wet and heavy masses around her face and form, and here and there a few petals of the flowers she had loved so dearly, were scattered among the matted tresses; and slimy, broken pieces of stems clung to her limbs and garments.

After hours of unwearied labor and silent agony, the parents' hearts were filled with joy; for the one they had mourned as dead was returned to life.

For two weeks Lily never left her room; and in that brief space of time, those who had known and loved her, felt how necessary it was, for their happiness, that the fair girl should be spared to them. And brave, handsome, manly Willie Porter, who cherished brighter anticipations than he?

Had he not, with the help of God, rescued his idol from a watery grave?

And Lily had thanked him again and again; and when he whispered to her the wish of his heart, she willingly consented, and her parents smiled upon the youthful lovers, and bade them be content.

For verily, the lost one had been returned to its fold; and the village bells rang merrily for the bridal of the "Lily of Milton Lake."

Why Matrimony is Dull.

Female extravagance unquestionably deters more men from marriage than do all other causes combined. If ladies were willing to live plainly and economically, instead of insisting on commencing life where their mothers left off; if they were contented to marry young men whose good habits and push were of more value and importance than mere money, they would experience far less difficulty in procuring husbands. Mothers would not be under the necessity of taking their daughters off to the watering places every summer, and parading them for exhibition before the vulgar public like a family menagerie.

A WESTERN preacher explained the passage through the Red Sea by saying that the Israelites crossed on the ice. An auditor interrupted, remarking there is no ice under the equator. "Sir," said the excited preacher, "this happened thousands of years before the age of geographies, and before there was any equator. I think, brethren and sisters, I have answered the gentleman completely."

☞ On a recent cargo of China goods, arrived at San Francisco by a single steamer, a duty of $595,850 was paid on teas, and $585,913 on raw silk, all of which was for New York.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

There's a little white cottage stands close by the sea,
Surrounded by flowers and kissed by the sun,
And the fisherman's daughter, sweet Marian Lee,
Comes out on the porch when her labor is done—

Comes out on the porch with her soft-voiced guitar,
And sings pretty ballads of life and of love;
Her clear, girlish accents are sweeter by far
Than the nightingale's notes, or the coo of the dove.

The yellow sun sinks in the forest of pine:
The yellow moon rises from out the dark sea;
In the shade of this lilac concealed, I'll recline
And list to the voice that is heaven to me.

Pretty Marian Lee is a fisherman's child,
Her home is but humble, her dress is but plain;
Yet her eyes are as blue as forget-me-nots wild,
Her hair is the hue of the ripening grain.

Her step is as light as the wind from the west,
Her little bare feet are as white as the snow;
Her hand is as soft as the swan's downy breast,
And red as the rose is her cheeks' ruddy glow.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEW MASTER.

It was a very few days afterwards. Another visitor was arriving at Beechhurst Dene. Not thundering up grandly in a chaise as Otto had done, but walking in all humility, and carrying his own portmanteau. Not any one so short and slight as Otto, this; but a tall, fine, commanding man, his unconscious step, the step of a chieftain, and a sweet smile on his fair Saxon face. For very blitheness of heart smiled he, in the joy of seeing the dear old familiar places again.

It was Tom Clanwaring. As speedily as wind and road could bring him after the receipt of Otto's letter, he had come. And the wind had been as favorably filling the sails of the good ship, and sending her to a swift haven. Thence on across the country by coach, which brought him to within a mile of Beechhurst Dene. Otto's summoning letter had been brief and somewhat vague. "Poor Dene and Charles are *dead*, Tom. Come off at once to Beechhurst Dene."

It had been little more than that. In the surprise and shock, Tom really knew not what to think. He *could* not picture to himself any possibility so bad as that: there must be a mistake on Otto's part, he concluded: his worst fears did not point to the death of both. But on landing in England a newspaper that had the account of it, chanced to fall in his way. He learnt that it was indeed too true, and that he was the next heir to Beechhurst Dene.

He could not realize it. Never once during his checkered life, had so wild an idea entered his imagination. The bare fact, that any remote contingency existed by which he might succeed, had been totally overlooked. He, the despised, humiliated waif, who had been taught always to regard himself as not fit company for the other grandchildren, who had been put upon, neglected, made to work and earn his bread, he the heir! In truth, it was next to incredible. Tom himself could not fully believe it until it should be confirmed by his grandfather, and it must be said that any gratification he might otherwise have felt at the prospect, was wholly lost sight of in his grief for the fate of Dene and Charles. The two boys had always liked him, since Dene grew up he had stood out well for Tom.

There was no hesitation in his steps as he approached the house, but there was doubt in his heart. Responding instantly to Otto's peremptory recall, from the habit of implicit obedience he had been reared in, Tom had not received with it any intimation that he would be welcome to his grandfather. During all the fourteen months of his exile, he had never once heard from Sir Dene; had never been told that Sir Dene's anger had turned, or that he wanted him home. Otto Clanwaring had once written to advise him to come and chance it; but Tom would not do that without a summons from Sir Dene. Sir Dene had sent him a summons, as we know; but my Lady Lydia had taken care it did not reach Tom. In short, had Ireland been a spot isolated from communication with the rest of the world, Tom could not have remained in much more ignorance of Beechhurst Dene, and its doings since he left.

The windows of the lodge were closely veiled by their white blinds; he noted it as he passed. Generally speaking they were gay with children's heads. It was the first corroboration his sight had received that his cousins' deaths were real, and it brought the fact home to him. "Oh Dene, Dene!" he groaned in his heart. "If I could but see you running down the avenue to meet me, as you used to do!"

At that moment the death bell rang out at Hurst Leet Church. Very distinctly it came to his ears in the still spring air. Tom stopped and listened.

"It is ringing for Dene and Charles!" he softly said with wet eyelashes. "Better that I, the friendless waif had gone; rich as they were in all things that make life dear!"

At that time it was the custom for the bell to toll an hour night and morning, every day between the death and the burial. Sometimes when the deceased was of high position at midday as well.

But this was not the regular tolling Tom had supposed it to be. It was the passing bell. After the three times three (for Dene and Charles, two, it would have been six times three,) there rang out a succession of sharp quick strokes; the indication that a soul had just passed to its account. As Sir Dene in the years long gone by had stood that night in Dene Hollow to listen to the passing bell for poor Maria, Tom's pretty mother, so Tom stood listening now, but he knew not for whom it was sounding.

Every window was closed in the house; he saw that as he neared it; every one. It looked like what it was—a house of the dead. Save that smoke was coming out of the chimnies, there was no sign that it had inhabitants. As he rang gently at the bell, a favorite dog came leaping round from the back, recognized Tom, and began to lick his hand.

"You are glad to see me at any rate, Carlo, old fellow!" was his comment, as he stooped to caress the dog. "I wonder whether anybody else will be? I wonder," ran his thoughts, "whether they will give me house-room—let me occupy my poor old bed in the garret?"

It was Gander who gently drew the door open. In his tribulation at what had fallen on the house, Gander would not have allowed a footman to open that front door lest he might make a noise in doing it. When he saw Tom standing there, he stared in utter astonishment.

"Don't you know me, Gander?"

"*Know ye*, sir! But we didn't think you could ha' got here so soon—and a carrying of your own portmanta! I'm sure I expected to see ye come in a chaise-and-four."

Tom's hand was in the old man's, shaking it heartily. "I hardly dared to come on my feet, Gander," he said in reference to the last remark. "As to chaises-and-four they have been for my betters, not for me. Gander," he added, his unconscious pressure of his fingers, the feverish eagerness of his low tone betraying how much the question was to him, "has my grandfather forgiven me? will he receive me kindly?"

Gander looked at him. The great fact, making havoc of his heart, was so intensely real that he was slow to believe Tom could be in ignorance of it.

"Mercy light upon us, sir! Haven't you heard? my master's gone."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"He's DEAD!" burst forth Gander with a sob. "Dead, Mr. Tom, and here's asking pardon for calling ye so, for you be Sir Tom now."

The fresh color was deserting Tom Clanwaring's face. "I spoke of my grandfather, Gander," he said in an accent that had in it ever so much of dread. "*He* cannot be dead?"

"He died at midday, Sir Tom. It's barely an hour ago. Yes, sir, it's true: my dear old master is dead and gone."

And Tom knew that the passing bell had been for Sir Dene. He sat down on one of the hall chairs, and burst into tears. The shock was sudden and very bitter. In his whole life he had never been so unmanned: or his feelings so wrung as now. Otto Clanwaring, coming down the stairs, approached and held out his hand.

"Oh Otto! it seems very cruel. Not to have seen him! Could you not have sent for me in time?"

"It has been so sudden at the last," spoke the barrister. "When I wrote to you from London to come, there was nothing the matter with him. He died blessing you, Tom. He has charged us—me and Gander—with the most loving messages for you, the truest and tenderest words."

"But he never recalled me," returned Tom, his heart feeling as if it would break with the thought. "I have lived always in hope of it."

"He did recall you, Mr. Tom," spoke Gander, forgetting again the new title. "He wrote months ago, asking you to come back to him, and 'twas me posted the letter. When the days went on, and you didn't come in answer, Sir Dene thought you bore malice, and wouldn't."

"I did not receive the letter," said Tom, looking alternately at Otto and Gander, as if questioning where the fault could have been. "I have written to him from time to time, but have never had a line from him since I left."

"Why—in this last illness he said that he had never had a line from you, Tom!" exclaimed Otto.

"And no more he never did," assented Gander.

"Then who has had the letters?" questioned Tom. "The last I sent was at Christmas. I wrote to wish my grandfather a happy New Year. I wrote to you as well, Gander."

"He never got no letters from you, Mr. Tom; neither him nor me. As to who has had 'em, perhaps my lady'll be able to tell," added bold Gander. "It's her that unlocks the bag."

And not one present but knew from that moment that the correspondence had been suppressed. Tom rose and took up his portmanteau. The action shocked Gander; he quite snatched it out of his hand.

"I ask your pardon, Sir Tom—a chattering here when I ought to be a waiting on ye! Here, Jones"—calling to a servant at the back of the hall—"carry up Sir Tom's portmanta."

"Is it my old room, Gander?"

"*Old room*," returned Gander, partly astonished, partly scandalised at the question. "It's the state rooms that have been prepared for ye, Sir Tom, level with Sir Dene's. Be you a forgetting who you be, sir?"

It seemed that Gander at least was not going to let him forget. In this most unexpected accession to place and power, a reminiscence of his familiarity with Tom in the old days was troubling Gander; he had observed to him no ceremony whatever—as he would have done always to the baronet's heir. The fact caused him to make more of Sir Tom now.

Stepping on before up the stairs, his body turned sideways in respect, he marshalled Tom along the corridor to the state rooms, and flung the door open to bow him in, Jones and the portmanteau bringing up the rear. But for his sad heart, Tom would have laughed at it. As the two men were returning, a door in the middle of the passage was unlatched, and Lady Lydia's face showed itself.

"What means all these unseemly footsteps, Gander?" she tartly asked. "One would think the whole of you were running up and down stairs for a wager."

"The young master has just arrived, my lady. Jones and me have been a conducting of him to his rooms."

"The young master?" she repeated, not catching Gander's meaning.

"The new master, my lady, I suppose I ought rather to say, Sir Tom Clanwaring."

It was the first time she had heard the title; the first time she had ever in her whole life *imagined* it. Sir Tom Clanwaring! Staring hard at the servants for a minute, like one on whom some great awe is falling, she shut the door in their faces, and gave vent to a low cry of pain in the privacy of her chamber.

Well, yes, Tom Clanwaring was the master of Beechhurst Dene to all intents and purposes. The new baronet of the realm. One had died; another had succeeded. But that it should be *this* one to succeed, read like a page out of a romance.

During the few days that had intervened before his death, Sir Dene remained perfectly sensible. Very weak and feeble; at times not able to speak; but with all his faculties undimmed. He seemed to foresee, to know, that Tom would not arrive while he lived; and he charged Otto with all kinds of loving messages for him. One of the last things he spoke of, was the Road, Dene Hollow; regretting in much distress that he had ever made it. This was that same morning, not an hour before his death.

"When I wrote out my testamentary paper I thought it would be Dene to come in after me, you see, Otto," he feebly said, "and I charged him with the concern o' that road, and other things. You'll tell Tom to carry them out; it is he who must do it now."

"I will be sure to tell him, grandfather," replied Otto. "Who are your executors?"

"Eh? Executors? Oh, Tom."

"But surely not Tom alone!" returned the barrister in surprise.

"The other was Dene. And he has gone before me. The paper is written out in duplicate, Otto. One copy will be found in the bay parlor; right hand secret drawer o' the secretaire; the other lies at my lawyer's in Worcester."

As the old man spoke, a thought crossed Otto. It was not usual to make last testaments in duplicate: had Sir Dene done it as a security against fraud?—the possible fraud of his (Otto's) mother and brother? The barrister bit his lips hard, and strove to persuade himself that he was wrong in thinking it.

"Tom'll make a better master of Beechhurst Dene than any of you; better, even, than Dene would have made," murmured the dying man. "Just as Geoffry would have made a better one than John. Tom's a gentleman and a Christian: he'll do his duty to Heaven as well as to man. There'll be no oppression from him: wrongs'll be righted; the poor cared for. God bless him! God reward him for all he has done in life for his poor old grandfather! God be with him always, his Guide and Friend, until He shall land him safely on the Eternal shore?"

These were the last words heard from Sir Dene. He said more to himself, but they could not be caught. An hour later, the stroke that had been waited for seized upon him—and in a few minutes he had ceased to exist.

When Tom came forth from his room, the travelling dust washed off, and his cost changed, Otto took him in to see Sir Dene. How sore his pain of heart was as he gazed down on the beloved old face, none save himself would ever know. He had so changed in the past year, that Tom could scarcely recognize him. He would have given a great deal to have arrived a day earlier.

On a small table by the bed lay Sir Dene's watch, chain, and seals. The same chain and seals Tom had played with as a child seated on Sir Dene's knee; the same watch Sir Dene had many a time held to his little ear, that he might note the ticking.

"They should not lie there, Otto," he said, involuntarily. They should be put up."

"Yes. There has been no time to do anything yet. Here are the keys," added Otto, holding out the bunch that lay on the same small table. "You had better take possession of them."

"Why am I to take possession of them?"

"Because it is your right. I expect it will be found that all things are left in your power. In any case you are sole master here."

How strangely it sounded in Tom's ear! The despised, brow-beaten young man, sole master of Beechhurst Dene!

"There's a letter for you in Sir Dene's desk, I believe," resumed Otto. "It was the last he ever wrote—indeed, the only thing he has written since his first illness. Before it could be posted, Gander had news of Dene's death and your recall."

Tom hastened to get the letter and open it. The kind, loving letter—which it half broke his heart to read. Sir Dene told him in it, that he had never in his whole life loved a son or grandson as he had loved him; he told him that though he had, through the machinations of others, banished him for a time, he had never in his heart believed him in any way unworthy.

"The luncheon's waiting, Sir Tom," whispered Gander, meeting him on the stairs. "I'd not let it be served till I thought ye were ready; and my lady's in a fine temper. A'most famished, she says."

A flush rose to his fair features as he advanced to Lady Lydia, in the dining-room. She and her aid-de-camp, Dovet, had taken counsel together on the untoward state of affairs, and had come to the conclusion that nothing remained but to make the best of them. So my lady, tacitly eating humble pie, met Tom with one whole hand stretched out, and a smile on her vinegar face. Never before had she accorded him more than a frown and one finger.

Force of habit is strong. After Lady Lydia had moved to the table, Tom went to his old side place, and was about to take it. He was pounced upon by Gander.

"What be you a thinking on, Sir Tom? This is your place now."

"This" was the seat at the table's head, formerly Sir Dene's. One moment's hesitation on Tom's part, and then he took it. Took it almost with deprecation, the flush deepening on his face. And never once, either then or later, was Lady Lydia reminded by so much as a word or look, that his position was changed from that of yore. Sir Dene had rightly summed up Tom—"a true gentleman."

Only on this same afternoon had the Ardes returned home. The first tidings that greeted them were—that Sir Dene was dead. They could hardly believe it to be true: when they had quitted home, Sir Dene had been so well. The Squire despatched Mark to Beechhurst Dene to inquire particulars of the barrister, who he was told was down; and waited impatiently, after his custom, for the man's return. May was with him: and the dusk of evening was beginning to draw on.

"Here's Mark, papa," said May, as she heard his voice in the hall. "He seems to have brought some one with him. It must be Otto Clanwaring."

Not Otto: not his slight figure at all: but a tall, graceful man, he who appeared when the door was thrown open. The Squire could see so much, as he peered through the dusk at the visitor, and at Mark, who was showing him in.

"Sir Tom Clanwaring."

"Who? what?" cried the squire sharply.

"Sir Tom Clanwaring, Sir," repeated Mark.

Ay, it was he, the *master* of Beechhurst Dene. The squire felt something like a lunatic in his bewilderment: and the pulses of May's heart went on with a rush and a bound. Conscience was striking the squire. He had long known how entirely worthy Tom Clanwaring was: how shamefully he had been traduced: but in alarm lest he, the despised and penniless, should make way with his daughter, he had continued to abuse him. And now here he was, the young chieftain, lord of all. Like Lady Lydia, Squire Arde was very content to eat humble pie.

"Only to think of it, Sir Tom!—that you should have shot up above 'em all!" cried he, when the first greetings had passed. "I daresay the rest won't get much."

"I'll make it right for every body as far as I can," replied Tom, with his warm-hearted smile. "And what about myself personally, Squire?" he resumed, the smile becoming rather a mischievous one. "Am I still regarded as a general scapegoat with a peck of sins on my shoulders?"

Squire Arde's voice was subdued as he answered; his countenance somewhat crest-fallen. "Tom, I don't think anybody believed aught against you in their consciences: even Lady Lydia. Sir Dene has wanted you home all the while; he was never quite the same after you left. As to that bag of money—"

"Never mind about the bag of money," interrupted Tom.

"I was going to say that not long ago, Harry Cole imparted to me a very nasty suspicion as to who it was really took it. He saw—saw some one at the secretary himself that night. When I blew him up for not avowing it, he said you had forbidden him. What do you know?"

"Never mind," repeated Tom. "We will let bygones be bygones."

The Squire was not to be put down. "Tom, I mean to have this out with you. Surely you may trust me! The thief was that villainous man, Jarvis Clanwaring. Did you know it was him at the time?"

"I could not help suspecting it. I was not sure. That night, as Sir Dene, refusing to hear me, left me in the bay parlor, I flung out at the glass doors, I fear in a passion, and came right upon Jarvis Clanwaring looking in at a corner of the window. He murmured some excuse, which I did not stay to hear, and he went on in. Subsequently, after I had seen you at Bristol, I got a letter from Cole, who must have been passing the window immediately afterwards. It seems Cole took up a notion that I was suspected, and he wrote to tell me he had seen some one else at the secretaire. I wrote back and silenced him."

"Why on earth did you do that?"

"What did it matter, sir? I knew Sir Dene would never suspect me: no, nor other people really; at least, none that I cared for. I would have been damaging Jarvis needlessly, you see."

"What do you mean by needlessly?"

"Well, without doing much good to myself. My best friends would know I was not guilty. For the rest, my back was a tolerably broad one in those days. The appropriating a little money when I was starting out to see the world was but a trifling addition to its lump."

"How considerate you are, Tom!—how forgiving!"

"It is my nature to be so, I think, sir; I don't take credit for it. People tell me it was in my father's. Let bygones be bygones in all ways," he emphatically added, rising and grasping the Squire's hand. "For my part I mean to believe henceforth that the bag never vanished at all. I hope to do all I can for everybody. I hope to welcome Jarvis to Beechhurst Dene for the funeral, if he'd like to come."

"He had better not show his face within my doors," said the Squire explosively. "Jarvis Clanwaring's an unmitigated scoundrel. As to coming to the funeral, there's no fear of that. He is in prison."

"So I find. Otto is about to take steps to release him."

"At your cost?"

"It's hardly to be called that, sir. With Sir Dene's money."

There was an interval of silence. Mr. Arde's mind was full.

"Tom, we have never known you: never properly valued you."

"Then I hope you will value me all the more for the future, sir," answered Tom, slightly laughing. "May I see Mary?" he added after a pause, his tone serious now and very pointed. "She ran away as I came in."

"Go and look for her, my dear boy; go and find her," was the impulsive answer—and it spoke volumes to Tom Clanwaring's ear. "Ah me, how blind we have been!" continued Mr. Arde. "I worked against you with her, Tom, just as much as the rest did. I hope you'll forgive us all."

"You know, sir, we have agreed that bygones shall be bygones," he gently said, suppressing his emotion.

In the adjoining room, cowering before the fire on the hearth-rug, hiding her face from the light, was Mary. She started up as Sir Tom went in: she put up her hands in deprecation of his anger; she felt faint in her heart-sickness of shame and repentance. He said not a syllable of reproach; only took her in his arms, and held her face to his.

"Oh, Tom, Tom! I—"

"Hush, my child! I will not let you breathe a word of excuse to me," he fondly interrupted. "I know how it was. Otto has told me all the truth, and has not spared his brother. The battle against you waged fiercely; you were beset on all sides; you held out as long as your strength held out, and then yielded in helpless weariness."

"No, it was not that—the want of strength," she interrupted, the hot tears streaming from her eyes. "I could have held out always, but for their making me believe things against you."

"I know. It is all over now, my darling; and I am here not only to claim, but to protect you. Look up, May: I must kiss these tears away. You shall never have cause to shed more if I can help it."

"But so ugly, so common a name—Sir Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Arde, not knowing whether to laugh or cry for joy, and trying to get up some grievance as a set off to her gratification. Tom had gone away then, and she had her daughter to herself."

"So is May," replied that young lady, a remnant of the old sauciness cropping up.

"Nonsense, child! Your name is not May at all, you know. It is Millicent Mary."

"But I'm never called anything but May—hardly. Oh, mamma, dear mamma"—and the glad tears again burst from her eyes—"do not let us pretend to *make* troubles; we have had too many real ones to bear. Think how good God has been to us! But for that blessed snow-storm, I should have been tied for life to Jarvis Clanwaring!"

But, after all, Sir Tom Clanwaring was not to continue to be Sir Tom. As if some instinct or prevision had lain on Sir Dene, it was expressly stated in his testamentary paper, that should any one of his younger grandsons succeed him through mishap to his heir, he, the succeeder, should assume and bear the name of Dene—so that Tom had to take entirely the name of his grandfather, and become Sir Dene Clanwaring.

In this last testament of Sir Dene's—which in truth, though legal, was not an express will, and was never called such, he expressed his regret for having made the road, Dene Hollow; and gave directions in the strongest terms that it should be forthwith ploughed up: "for," ran the paper, "it had been made out of a neighbor's wrongs, and God's blessing had never rested on it." A good and pretty cottage, better than the one formerly pulled down, was left to Mary Barber for life—to her own unbounded astonishment.

An income was secured to Lady Lydia; the small amount of which, small especially in her own idea, nearly turned her dumb. Jarvis's name was not as much as mentioned; Otto had a substantial sum of money. Gander had a legacy of fifty pounds a year for life. And Tom—Tom was left residuary legatee. Just as much to his own astonishment, as the cottage was to Mary Barber; for the testamentary paper had been written while he was in Ireland, and ostensibly lying under Sir Dene's displeasure. This, of itself, would have made Tom rich for life. Only the entailed estates, and the contents of Beechhurst Dene would have gone to the heir. Tom himself was sole heir now.

And, being on the subject of bequests, it may as well be mentioned that Mr. Randy Black left a will, after the manner of his betters. Towards the last years of his life it had been supposed that he was poor, living almost from hand to mouth upon the profits of the Trailing Indian, or upon any less legitimate returns he could pick up by poaching. It turned out, however, that Mr. Randy Black had a few hundred pounds in store; the furniture of the inn, old but tolerably substantial was also his. The whole of it without reserve was bequeathed to his "adopted daughter," Emma Geach.

So Miss Emma Geach turned out to be an heiress in a small way.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ Scott's manuscript was not in favor with the printers. He wrote in rapid, careless style, tossing it into the post without a second glance, and reserving all his corrections till he saw how it read in type. It is said that Dr. Lardner became half wild with the manuscript of his Scottish history. It was full of slips of the pen, of false grammar, or incomplete sentences, and of repetitions without end; and all these Scott corrected in his proofs, till the doctor, in sheer despair, had to set a clerk at work to copy out the manuscript and "make it read" before it was set.

☞ Lawyers who are fond of suing newspaper proprietors on every slight pretence, ought to lay to heart the declaration of Judge Barnard, in the case of Captain Samuels, of the yacht Dreadnought, whom some reporter of the Evening Post libelled, but which libel the editor retracted and apologized for, as soon as it was discovered. "It is idle and foolish," says his Honor, "to sue the editor of a paper for a libel that he knows nothing about, and is willing to render any proper redress that a mistake calls for."

☞ A five-year-old city boy told his mother how to make butter: "You just take a long stick with a cross at the end of it; then you get a big tub; and then you borrow a cow."

☞ There is a man living in this city who is a consistent member of a Christian congregation. He expects to go to Heaven, and it's well that such is the fact, for he is so unconscionably mean and close-fisted that if he should go to the lower regions he would economise fuel to such a degree that he would have Tophet cold in about three months.

☞ Missouri claims to possess a gifted girl who fell from a precipice one hundred and fifty feet high, but received no serious injury.

☞ An idol supposed to have been made by the ancient Mound Builders, who occupied this country before the Indians, has been found in Bartow county, Georgia. This idol is fifteen inches tall and weighs thirty-three and a half pounds. It is cut out of a soft talc rock, colored black on the outside. It is designed to represent a female deity. It is in a sitting posture; the legs drawn down under the body—one of the arms is broken off.

☞ An old "settler"—The old lady who sent a farmer ten cents that had been due twenty-nine years.

☞ An Indiana girl undertook to break a colt the other day. At last accounts her head was two sizes too large for her bonnet, and she has ordered a set of false teeth.

☞ The great Danish mathematician, Dant, has written a series of poetical rhapsodies on the inspiring subject of beer. He evidently wishes to show his fanaticism with lager-ithyrsus.

☞ A female teacher in a West Highland district was found guilty, before Sheriff Andrew Fraser, at Fort William, the other day, of having filled up a false return in the age column of her census schedule, and was fined 20 shillings. The age returned in the schedule was 29 years, while the registrar's certificate proved that the lady had seen 44. —*English Paper.*

☞ To give brilliancy to the eyes—Shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning.

☞ A drawing-room car on the Erie Railroad recently went at full speed down an embankment of sixteen feet, and turned bottom up. The framework of the car was so strong that it did not break, and no person was killed.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Nellie Palmer was lying on the lounge in her pretty bed-room, crying, and looking very unhappy. And yet she had been married only six months; and to such a "nice, handsome man," as all the young ladies declared, that surely she *ought* to have been happy with him. And so she had been, until—until, to tell the truth—Mr. Bob Palmer forgetting, or seeming to forget, that he was a married man, had recently taken to flirting with these very young ladies, at all the fairs and parties of Middleton, leaving his wife to take care of herself. Surely it was enough to make any six months' wife cry—especially one so sensitive as Nellie.

Not that Mr. Robert Palmer loved his little wife a bit less than on the day of his marriage—neither that Nellie suspected him of it, or for a moment doubted his morals, any more than she did his constancy. But Mr. Palmer was a gay young man, and loved to amuse himself and to be amused. He liked the society of pretty and lively women, both married and single, and in a word, he liked to flirt and saw no harm in it. So, while he hung over the young ladies' chairs, laughing and paying gay compliments, or promenading the halls and piazzas with the young married ladies, his wife would be looking over a photograph album, or conversing solemnly with some old gentleman, or noticing some shy and awkward child, while pretending to be unconscious of her husband's proceedings. Not that she was compelled to employ herself in this dull way—she, usually so bright and pretty, and agreeable—but she had no heart for anything else now. Of late all her liveliness and chattiness had left her, and she answered absently, and smiled listlessly, and if compelled to dance or sing, did so out of time and out of tune, to her husband's great vexation. It is thus that many a young wife settles down into a dull and faded old woman, whilst her husband grows handsomer and heartier, and wonders what on earth could have so changed her.

"Hallo! been crying again, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Palmer, suddenly ceasing his little whistle, as he entered the room, on returning from his office. "What's the trouble now, Nellie? Canary refused to sing, or Madame Viglini not put flowers enough in your new bonnet?"

"Oh, Bob, how can you?" sobbed poor Nellie, beginning afresh.

"Look here, Ellen," said her husband, sitting down on the lounge, and speaking more seriously; "I don't like this at all. I never come home that your eyes are not red and swollen with crying. What have you to cry about, I should like to know? It's an insult to me to go aniveling about the house after this fashion, and moping away in corners, looking sullen and miserable, as you did last night, at Mrs. Mackrin's. Why, people will think me a perfect domestic tyrant."

"Ah, Bob, don't speak so! I can't help it, indeed. I *do* feel so miserable. *You* make me so, Bob."

"*I!* Well, that *is* rich! Perhaps you'll be good enough to let me know of what enormity I've been guilty, that has turned you into a modern Niobe?"

"Nothing really wrong, dear; but, oh! if you knew how much a wife thinks of her husband's love, and—" here poor Nellie broke down again. Mr. Palmer's eyes opened very wide.

"*Whew!*" whistled he, "if this isn't really absurd. So, she's jealous!"

"Indeed no, dear Bob, but—but—" she could hardly speak for the choking in her throat—"you can't understand the pride a woman takes in having her husband treat her with affection and respect before every one, or how it humbles and mortifies her to be neglected by him, and have other women consider themselves her rivals—like Isabel Vaden."

Mr. Bob Palmer laughed outright, and then he grew angry.

"You're an absurd little fool, Nellie," he said. "As if Isabel Vaden were anything to me beyond a lively and agreeable young woman to amuse one's self with at a party. Nonsense!"

"*She* don't think so," said Nellie; "and—and the others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself that she has cut me out, and is trying to let people see it."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Bob, rising impatiently from the lounge. "I'm astonished at you, Nellie, and had really given you credit for more sense, as well as temper," he added, more severely. "I wish you'd amuse yourself in society, as I do, instead of going moping about in this fashion. You can't expect to have me tied to your apron-strings; and I'd much rather see you flirting a little yourself, than skulking away in holes and corners, like a spider, watching your butterfly of a husband, to see if you can't detect him in doing wrong. You make me quite ashamed of you, I declare."

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked out of the room with an air of mingled dignity and injured innocence. His wife sat up, wiped away her tears, and mused awhile with eyes flashing and cheeks flushed with wounded and indignant feeling.

"Yes," she said to herself, "since he has requested it, I will amuse myself 'as he does,' and see how he likes it! Ashamed of me, is he? And he did not used to be so when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob, if you only know how I loved you!" And once more, despite her resolutely closing her eyes, and pressing her fingers upon them, the tears would come.

There was to be, that very evening, a party at Colonel Johnston's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing herself for it. She had been of late rather careless on this point, and was now rewarded for her extra care by her husband's glance of approval, and his remark that that pink silk was very becoming to her. In consequence her eyes and cheeks were brighter, and her spirits more buoyant, as she entered Mrs. Johnston's crowded drawing-rooms. Scarcely had they paid their respects to the hostess, when Mr. Palmer accosted, or rather was accosted by Miss Vaden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensnare him before his marriage; and at the same moment a gentleman addressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention entirely from her husband and his companion, until seeing something in Miss Vaden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke, and she turned, as with a sudden determination, to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer to the town—very pleasant and handsome—and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try to make herself agreeable to him, he looked so pleased, and was himself so agreeable that it soon cost her no effort to converse; and then her old lively spirits returned, and to her own surprise she found that she was enjoying herself. Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Vaden did; and her flirtation with Mr. Palmer lost much of its charm, now that his wife did not appear mortified and jealous, and that people couldn't see that she was so. Wherefore Miss Vaden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer bethought himself to look after his *wife*. Not finding her looking over photograph albums, nor talking to deaf old Mr. Brown, neither in any of the "holes and corners" which she was wont of late to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

"She's got in the dumps again, I suppose," was his thought, "and is trying to disguise it under pretence of being sick. Dare say I shall find her crying in the ladies' dressing-room, or fainting away in the conservatory, with fans and smelling bottles round her—or perhaps she's gone home."

At that very instant a little laugh at his elbow startled him, and turning he saw Nellie bright and flushed, talking to a very handsome man, who appeared quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious couple.

"Why, the deuce!" was his thought; "what on earth can they have been talking about all this while?" Then suddenly meeting his wife's eyes, he smiled and whispered:

"Enjoying yourself, Nell?"

"Oh yes, dear—delightfully. Don't trouble yourself about me, pray."

He passed on, but didn't go far; and as he stood whispering soft nothings to sentimental Kate Marshall, his eyes occasionally wandered to his wife. How pretty she was looking; and how gay she was; and how coquettishly she was exchanging light repartee with that flirting fellow, Tom Harrison. And all the while the handsome stranger never left her side. It was perfectly evident that he admired her. "If she were not a married woman he would certainly fall in love with her—she—my wife;" and he felt a little resentful of the admiration.

Nellie Palmer had never sung more sweetly or danced more gracefully than upon this evening.

"Don't you think, Nell, you've danced enough for one night?" said her husband, toward the close of the evening; "for a married woman?" he added.

"Perhaps so," she answered cheerfully, "but I've enjoyed myself so much! Really, I almost forgot that I was a married woman, and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?" he inquired, as they walked toward the dressing-room.

"That remarkably handsome man, with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?"

"I never noticed his eyes or that he was at all handsome," he answered, stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you meant Captain Lovell, of the Fourth Artillery. Ah! here he is—just one moment, dear—I quite forgot—" And Nellie spoke a few words to the captain in passing, of which her husband could distinguish only something about "that book."

"Upon my word," he said, sarcastically, "you appear very intimate already."

"Because, love, we've discovered that we're congenial spirits. We like the same things—books, music, scenery; indeed, everything—and have the same opinions on most subjects. You know how pleasant it is to meet with one who can comprehend you—not your outer self merely, but with a sort of soul sympathy."

"Soul fiddlesticks!"

"You never *did* have much sentiment, Bob," sighed Nellie, in an injured tone.

"Sentiment be ——. Come, Nellie, be quick with your wrappings. It has been a stupid evening, and I shall be glad to get home and to bed."

When Robert Palmer came home next day, he found his wife, not crying in her bed-room, but in the parlor practising a new song.

"Captain Lovell called this morning," she said; "and I have promised to sing this for him at Mrs. Campbell's."

"Ah!" he answered, with an expression of indifference; and as his wife again struck up with the first few notes, he muttered to himself—"Confound Captain Lovell!"

At Mrs. Campbell's Captain Lovell was again in attendance upon pretty Mrs. Palmer; and then other gentlemen discovered her attractions—her piquancy, and coquettishness, and *flirtableness;* and so in a very few weeks Mrs. Palmer was a belle. She did not seem in the least to care who her husband was attending upon, and indeed he could rarely get a word with her at all, when at the gay assemblies which they constantly frequented. He sometimes gave her a hint that she was "no longer a girl," and that he was her husband; but she only laughed, and said there was no harm done, and that she was enjoying herself so delightfully, and felt herself more a belle than even when a girl—which was true, because she had not flirted then, being absorbed heart and soul in Bob Palmer. But now it was Captain Lovell who appeared chiefly to occupy her thoughts, as well as a good part of her time. She sang and danced with him; she read the books he sent; and so frequent were his visits, so constant his attentions, that at last Mr. Robert Palmer's wrath burst forth.

"Ellen," he said, as he closed the door on the departing captain and his imposing uniform, "I really cannot permit this to go on any longer. Your conduct to me is most unexpected—most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow, Lovell. He is constantly in my house, and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood for two hours the centre of a group of chattering, grinning popinjays, like himself."

"Why Bob, you yourself blamed me for playing wallflower and 'spider,' and said you were ashamed of me."

"I am much more ashamed of you now," he retorted severely.

"Now, dear, that is quite unreasonable of you. Didn't you tell me that I would please you by enjoying myself, and flirting a little? You know you did," added Nellie, reproachfully, "and now that I am obeying you, you get jealous."

"Jealous? not I! But I am offended and insulted—yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could hear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell——"

"Similar to those that I heard in regard to you and Miss Vaden, I presume?" said his wife.

"What was Miss Vaden to me?" he demanded, angrily.

"And what is Captain Lovell to me?"

"You encourage him, madam. You flirt with him."

"As you do with Isabel Vaden."

"A man may do what is not permissable in a woman."

"Ah that is it," said Nellie, with her old sigh. "You men may neglect a wife—may wear out her heart and life with anguish—may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintance by showing devotion to another—and she, poor slave, must not presume to turn, as may even the trampled worm, but must bear all in meek silence, never even imploring mercy, lest she offend her lord. But I have had enough of this, Bob; and now as you do to me will I do to you. If you will go on flirting, so will I. I know you don't care a bit more for Isabel Vaden than I do for Captain Lovell—but I will not be neglected and humbled in the sight of the whole world. I am not a slave but a wife, and demand the honor due to me!"

Her mood was a new one to her husband. She sat erect and proud, looking him steadily in the face with bright clear eyes, in whose depths he could still read great tenderness; and he at once comprehended the whole matter. He looked at her a moment, as steadily as she at him, and then he rose and took a seat by her side.

"And you really care nothing for this Lovell, Nellie?"

"No more than I ought to do for my cousin Laura's affianced husband," she replied.

"Affianced?"

"This six months—before I met him; and I would have told you of it, but——"

She stopped and looked half archly in his face. He understood her, and taking her in his arms, kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Bob, how could you ever have doubted me?"

"I will do so no more, love!"

"Never flirt any more?"

"Never!"—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

RIDING ON A RAIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Warning last but one; hurry up! All aboard Prairie View train!" cries the station master; then commences a battle that, perhaps, finds a counterpart nowhere on earth, except in some other Western Railroad Station, as, jostled by the crowd, you hurry out to get a choice of seats.

Here comes an old lady; she has almost gained the car when a couple of rosy, boydenish, school girls, going home for vacation, rush forward, and the foppish brakeman reaches his hand quite past the tottering grandame to help them in first.

Next comes a fair, young mother, with one little urchin at her heels, and another in her arms; both of them quite young, yet anything but "wee," as her poor, aching arms might testify. Two gentlemen come along leisurely at the same time; ah! that is good luck—but no, we were mistaken, they quietly step past her and into the car, without a look, and the poor tired woman is left to clamber up the best way she can with her babe in her arms, while the other little one must trust to the tender mercy of the brakeman. "*He* is *paid* to attend to such things" you would be informed, should you speak of the matter, which would naturally lead you to suppose that *politeness* does *not* pay.

Step into the car. Ah! here you find the poor old grandmother looking for a seat; she passes slowly up the aisle, but no one offers to relinquish his seat, although there are several, occupied by gentlemen, without ladies, and in the "ladies' car," too. She has tottered along quite to the end of the car, and on the last seat sits a pale lady arrayed in that mournful attire which proclaims a friend gone from earth; by her side sits a daughter half grown; and she whispers to the bright girl, who immediately rises, and points the old lady to her seat, while her mother draws her to her knee, for a half rest. The old lady wishes to refuse, for the pale woman looks too fragile for such a burden; but she will not be denied, and, with tears, points to her sable robe. She has lately buried her mother; and one would guess the brakeman, and those school-girls, and the comfortably seated gentlemen, never had any.

But how have the gay girls succeeded in obtaining seats? See! They halt at the door with well-assumed shyness, take a step or two forward, then halt again, while two pairs of bright eyes glance along the bright car on a reconnoitering expedition. The comfortable gentlemen succumb at last, the occupants of one seat rise, while one of them with bland smile, beckons the young misses forward, who, not slow to accept the courtesy, step up briskly, crowd into the seat, and without even deigning a bow to the polite gentlemen, busy themselves in arranging their skirts in the best way to secure them from unsightly crosses. The friends of those gentlemen will probably hear them complain of the ill-breeding of women, and doubtless cite this instance. Query. When men slight the aged, and bestow their attentions upon selfish votaries of fashion of even more maturity than the unformed girls of our example, for the sake of their bright eyes and pretty clothes—do they deserve any thing else?

The young mother, with her double burden, comes in; no seat; how tired she looks! But alas! a married woman, who is too much of a lady to play the flirt, stands a poor chance of receiving attention from a certain class of men; though in all justice be it said, such men are not in a majority among western gentlemen. But where is there anything to equal feminine artfulness? One of the young misses, just seated, is too sharp to let so fine a chance for display pass unimproved, so she jumps up and in a very gushing manner implores the young mother to "just let her hold the sweet little pickaninny; she does so love babies." This is all very fine; but when one looks at the fat countenance of the aforesaid "pickaninny," in which eyes, nose and mouth are almost lost in the abundance of adipose matter, he is troubled with a slight doubt of the effusive young lady's interest. The conductor finds a seat for the tired mother at last beside an old maid who grumbles audibly at the infliction, her ill-humor aggravated doubtless by the loss of her former seat-mate, a fine young gentleman who had smuggled himself into the ladies' car, and thought to palm himself off on the lynx-eyed conductor as her companion.

Dong! The last warning, and the train moves slowly out of the depot. Soon the fat baby, frightened at the shrill whistle and the jolting motion, begins to cry; upon which the care-worn mother is almost withered by the glances of most of her neighbors: the tired little girl at her knee concludes that the baby needs company and joins in the concert with a good-will, while the mother feels very much like supplying the alto, but refrains and tries her best to soothe first one and then the other.

"Let me take your little girl," says the daughter of the pale lady at the other end of the car, coming up and offering the baby at the same time a tempting bit of mother's cake, which he seizes with frantic delight, and ceases to cry because he has found better business. The young girl has obtained a seat just behind her mother, with two others who good-naturedly made room for her and the little girl receives her place in the lap of her mother. The grateful mother of the child looks her thanks the whole length of the car, whilst the spinster grumbles something about somebody showing queer taste.

"Tickets!" says the conductor, and a poor, crippled soldier sleeping quietly is aroused by a rougher touch than one he received a short time since from the spinster's former seat mate, as he relieved him of the ticket, displayed in the band of his hat. Some passenger both patriotic and generous, pays the soldier's fare, thus saving the delay of one whole precious day on his way to the waiting loved ones.

The two brisk young misses of baby loving propensities have at last found employment that suits them better than attending fat pickaninnies; two young men, very foppish as to dress, and very foolish as to manners, occupy the seat just in front of them. They have scraped up an acquaintance by the offer of the last number of some Magazine, and sundry other small civilities, and now are having a cosy chat that certainly seems very amusing, to judge by the boisterous laughter that proceeds from their quarter, waking the poor, tired woman's baby, and thus effectually vetoing the hope of rest that she has dared to indulge. Fortunately the gay misses get off at the next station, when an exchange of cards is effected between them and their acquaintances of an hour, for the greater facility of a future correspondence.

The train moves on, and one young man says to the other, "Brisk, aren't they?"

"Yaas!" drawls the other, "and rather green, too."

"Rather," replies the first, "especially to be trusted away from home alone."

Mem.—Young ladies who are so easy of access to strangers are advised, when travelling, to secure the services of a mouse-in-the-corner to report the compliments they do *not* hear, that they may compare them with the flattery which pleased them so well.

"Papers! papers!"

"What have you?" says a literary looking lady.

"Mornin' dailies, ma'am!" says the smart agent, turning the heads over.

"Read the news before breakfast," she replies, "what else?" and then proceeds to an examination of his stock which seems to prove very unsatisfactory. "Have you nothing better than this sensational stuff?" she asks.

"I beg pardon, ma'am! but this is the kind that allers sells," and he passes on, leaving us to ruminate upon the depravity of human nature when papers, that exist only to pamper the morbid appetite for unhealthy excitement, find a ready sale, while a pure, high-toned periodical composed of a blending of wholesome fiction and instructive truth has to struggle for a subsistence if it depend upon the masses for a support.

"Ham sandwiches! fresh made this mornin', ma'am." A glance at the black, grimy hand extended is enough, and you turn away your eyes in token of refusal, with a qualm at the bare thought of the delectable repast.

"Apples! buy some apples?"

"What is the price?" you ask.

"Five cents apiece, or three for a dime. Cheap!"

Now commences a conflict between principle and appetite. "Apples cost about forty cents per bushel; shall I patronize and thus encourage this young extortioner?" you mentally ask. Appetite conquers. "Give me a dime's worth."

"Ice-cream candy! Pea-nuts! Oranges!" Will they never let one rest? After all, is not this very thing the greatest humbug on a travelling community? Constantly interrupted by dirty urchins or nice young men dressed in a seal ring, who with the greatest impertinence assume a speaking acquaintance with you the moment you take your seat in the car, there is no refuge, absolutely none, till you arrive at the end of your journey.

"Noon junction! fifteen minutes for dinner!" cries a brakeman, and, hungry as wolves, you hustle out and across the platform into the long, comfortless dining-room. Seated at the table, while *you* wait on the *waiters*, the time gallops away. "Fare!" says the clerk; it takes time to pay it, and against you fairly get commenced upon your dinner the locomotive whistles, and you are obliged, hastily though reluctantly, to leave with a biscuit in one hand and a piece of roast-beef in the other, fifty cents' worth, but preferable to ham-sandwiches at any price.

"Whirr! whirr!" we're off! The landscape flies from your view as you gaze out of the window, munching your bread and meat till the last crumb is devoured. The rumble of the wheels becomes fainter and fainter; the landscape seems to fly faster than ever; it is becoming very dim, and at last you are in the land of dreams, in common with three-fourths of your companions.

A screech from the locomotive, and a slackening of speed arouses you at last, and you open your eyes in time to step out into the depot, and see your trunks pitched, at least ten feet, into a pile of other trunks scarcely distinguishable from each other, so battered and defaced are they all.

With aching limbs the result of the cramped position in a car seat for half a dozen hours, sooty face, and soiled garments, you make your way home, inwardly thankful after all, that James Watt was "Sic an idle ne'er-do-weel" that his own mother thought him bewitched, and rather convinced that somewhat of witchcraft must still remain in the power of steam, since mankind will submit to so many mishaps and inconveniences, and yet patronize it. But, with all its mishances, what a medley of life one sees while riding on a rail.

MOUSE-IN-THE-CORNER.

☞ Every parent is like a looking-glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore, parents should take care to keep the glass bright and clear, not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

☞ A learned Hindoo, who is lecturing in England, says the vice of intemperance was unknown in India till the English introduced it there—but the young men became apt pupils, and now it is causing wide spread disaster.

TWO TRUE HEARTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Reuben Marvyn was a sharp-sighted, prudent man, who plumed himself on his knowledge of the world. His wife was a weak, passive specimen of womanhood, whose strongest passion was her love for her husband and daughter.

This daughter possessed no small amount of beauty. Few saw her stately head, crowned with its mass of silken hair, or came within reach of the glances of her sweet, thoughtful brown eyes without feeling admiration. She was tall, and people said she was worthy of her name—Regina.

Her father was the great man of Brookland. He was one of your "pushing" people who are at the head of everything. Among his idiosyncrasies was his disbelief in the existence of love.

John Belmont, *attaché* of a city newspaper, came to spend a vacation in Brookland, and set half the male denizens of that place wild with envy. He was a noble-looking fellow, with a sound head, a cultivated mind, and a good heart. Until he made his appearance, Regina Marvyn had mingled but little in the society of Brookland. She had accepted the attentions of none of her admirers, and those who were inclined to worship were obliged to keep it to themselves, and gaze from afar; but when John Belmont was introduced, she changed her course, and he became her constant attendant in all the summer merrymakings.

This was not strange, for she had never before met one who could talk appreciatively of the things that interested her—literature, art, and travel. Well, they *talked*, walked, and rode—and before the leaves had begun to turn, liking became *love*, whose course—alas!—never did run smooth.

During this time Reuben Marvyn had not kept his eyes shut. He knew well that John Belmont was poor, that his salary was low, and that other than it, he had nothing; and yet, seeing the young people so much together, he did not interfere. Kind gossips whispered in his ear, but their admonitions were unheeded.

"Love! Stuff and nonsense!" he exclaimed, laying down his newspaper. "Don't talk nonsense! *I* was never in love—I don't believe in it. Would I be the man I am, if I was given to such foolery? Would I have a hundred thousand to-day? Let the young folks enjoy themselves—and my daughter will marry a rich man all the same."

Marriages of convenience were the only ones recognized in his vocabulary.

In the mean time the lovers were happy and full of hope. One cool evening in September, when the golden sunset was scarcely hidden in the veil of twilight, John Belmont asked the old, old question, and was referred to Reuben Marvyn for an answer.

"*What!*" cried the father, aghast at the young man's presumption, "Marry *my* daughter! You're a fool, sir! My daughter's bound to marry money."

And, having thus settled the question, he abruptly left the room, leaving the astounded aspirant in a not very pleasant state of mind.

"Well," said Regina, smilingly meeting John Belmont as he came from her father's study, "it's all settled, I suppose."

"Yes, it is settled," he answered, repressing his emotion as well as he could, "I have been rejected!"

The blow fell like a thunderbolt upon the girl—it was so unexpected. She stood silent, the color in her cheeks coming and going.

"Rejected?"

"Rejected. But, darling, you will meet me once more; I go from this place within a week."

"To-morrow I will see you. Be here at ten in the morning. My father will not refuse his permission to that."

In the glow of the morning sun, two figures stood on the lawn in front of Reuben Marvyn's house. Even Marvyn himself, as he watched them, muttered: "If his money were equal to his brains, I wouldn't object."

The green lawn, dotted with clumps of scarlet geraniums, swelling gently up to the house, offered a pretty contrast to the snowy robe of Regina. Near her, and leaning upon a low, rustic fence, was John Belmont. He was paler than usual.

"I was almost tempted to ask you to be my wife without your father's consent," he was saying, "but I knew better than to think you would do aught unworthy of yourself. Oh, my darling, the temptation was hard to resist, but it is over now. The misery of parting is burning out my heart!"

She covered her face with her hands. He seized one of them, and slipped a ring upon her finger. It was not a very costly one—a gold ring set with four tiny pearls and a brilliant.

"Take it as a pledge of constancy. Say you will never forget me."

"Never! as long as life lasts."

"Better times will come, darling; I go forth to win a place in the world worthy of you. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" But the voice that said it was tremulous with hidden tears. And so they parted.

The sunlight was still upon the lawn, but for Regina its brightness was gone. Everything seemed mocking her grief. There was only one refuge—prayer—and to that she betook herself, arising comforted.

Three years passed. Reuben Marvyn, as I have said before, was a prudent man, but

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley;
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy."

A speculation in which he had embarked, failed. Of his wealth nothing but a small remnant was left. His estate in Brookland was sold. His health had been never good; that of men who devote their whole soul to business rarely is; and this sudden reverse prostrated him completely. He became a querulous invalid.

Regina was not one to sink under a misfortune. The consciousness of being in reality the head of the family gave her new strength. They moved into a small cottage in Brookland. A girl was hired to do the work of the house, in which Mrs. Marvyn assisted, and by the help of friends Regina procured some music pupils. So, although Reuben Marvyn was constantly complaining, they managed to live contentedly; or rather, resignedly.

Two more years flowed into the past. Although Regina had not heard from John Belmont since their parting on the lawn, her faith in his constancy never wavered. That he would come sometime to claim her for his wife, she never doubted. Believing this, she hopefully performed her daily duties.

One morning Mrs. Marvyn hastily entered their little sitting-room, where her daughter was seated.

"Your Aunt Betsy is coming down the road in this direction. She has a lady and gentleman with her. They're coming here, I know, and Betsy always will stay to dinner. Oh, dear, and Sally Ann sick, too!"

"I'll take Sally Ann's place, mamma; my scholars are all off on a picnic to-day, so there will be no lessons." And she wended her way to the kitchen, while her mother hastened to the door to receive the guests.

"Ellen," said Aunt Betsy, as soon as the door was opened, "allow me to introduce the editor and proprietor of the New York ——," in a whisper, "he owns a mint of money," aloud, and "his sister Mary."

Good Aunt Betsy was so proud of having a literary acquaintance that she always mentioned his calling, quite forgetting his name. Mrs. Marvyn, however, was not curious. The editor was an intellectual-looking man, about thirty. His sister was a cheerful looking lady, somewhat younger.

"Having these friends a visitin' me, I just thought I'd drop in and see how you was," continued Aunt Betsy, "Niece is out teachin', I suppose?"

"No, she is engaged, at present, in the kitchen."

And the trio proceeded to attack the weather, past, present, and future, while the editor seemed occupied by his own thoughts.

Regina, in the meantime, was struggling with the dinner. It was not such awful work, although she was a novice. She had common sense and a good fire—two clues for finding the lost art of cooking, so she succeeded passably.

Sally Ann recovered from her illness in time to wait at table; so much of Mrs. Marvyn's anxiety was removed.

They had come to the dessert. The editor, in removing a spoonful of pudding from his plate, saw something glitter amit the savory substance. It was a gold ring set with four pearls and a small brilliant. His face flushed.

"May I inquire," he asked, "who made this pudding?"

"It's too sweet," commented Aunt Betsy, "a sinful waste of sugar, *I* call it."

"My daughter made it, sir," returned Mrs. Marvyn, anxiously. "I hope you are not poisoned—for it's her first attempt, and there's no knowing what she might have put in it."

At this moment Regina entered, looking fresh, and bright, and as stately as if such a thing as a kitchen were far removed from her sphere of life. The editor arose, holding out the ring.

Regina, seeing him, started.

"John!"

"My darling!"

And there was a scene. After five years John Belmont had come to claim his wife.

"Well," said Reuben Marvyn, looking complacently at the happy pair, "I don't object now, since you own a newspaper and have plenty of money; I always said you'd marry money, Regina."

"But why did you not write in all this time, John?"

An expression of blank astonishment overspread John Belmont's face.

"He did write," said Reuben Marvyn, "but I thought it best to keep the letters. They're up in my drawer."

"Reuben Marvyn," cried Aunt Betsy, doubling up her fists, "although you are my own sister's husband, you're a reprobate!"

But John Belmont forgave him; and one of the editor's most valued treasures is the ring that was dropped in the pudding.

Whining.

There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor; or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too shiny; they whine because they have "no luck," and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine, and they whine no one can tell why. Now, we would like to say a word to these whining persons. First, stop whining—it is no use, this everlasting complaining, fretting, fault-finding, and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you not know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. Toil life is only meant to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

Silent Influence.

We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May-flowers in the parlor breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us as silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and straightened by our unconscious deeds; others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence.—*Congregationalist.*

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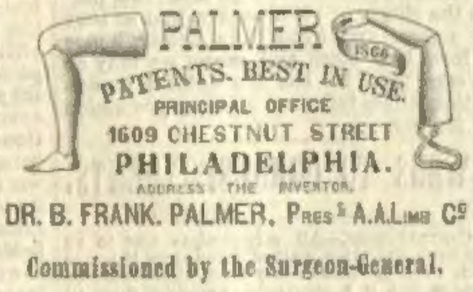

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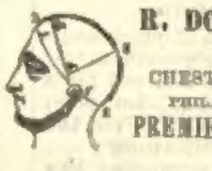

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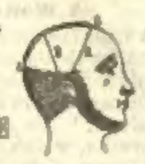

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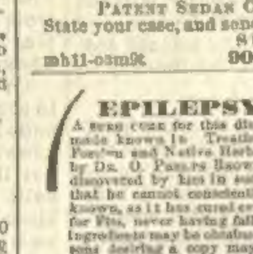

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Wonderful Balsam.

A manufacturer and vendor of quack medicines for rheumatism and the growth of hair combined, recently wrote to a friend for a recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

"DEAR SIR—The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor that a Chinaman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes, and plant them edgeways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten-acre field surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the stones had entirely disappeared, and a neat wall encircled the field; the rails were split up into fire-wood, and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp; two days saw it cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill-pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, drew grease out of a flint, and eventually drew a prize of $97 out of a defunct lottery."

Sound on the Goose.

A pious negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday she partook of the communion, after which her master accosted her as follows:

"Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at the communion table."

"Yes, tank de Lord, massa, I was 'lowed to be dere wid de rest ob His family."

"But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there," he said. "How is it about the goose?"

She looked a little surprised, as if she did not understand the question, but catching the meaning, exclaimed:

"Why, sah, do you tink I'se a-goin to let an old goose stand atween me and my Maker?"

Society Matters at the Sea Shore.

The writers of the subjoined are supposed to be young ladies of eight years or thereabouts—such young ladies as are now figuring in "children's balls" at the watering-places, if the "correspondents" truly report. The first note ran thus: "Miss Minnie Smith's compliments to Miss Maggie Jones, and desires the pleasure of her company this evening. Refreshments at eleven." The response was: "Miss Maggie Jones's compliments to Miss Minnie Smith, with regrets that prior engagements preclude the pleasure of acceptance. She is to be spanked at seven and sent to bed without her supper at eight."

Oh, Rapture!

(LITERATURE FOR THE SEASON.)

SYMPATHETIC WIFE (reads.)—"'Cut up a cold fowl into small joints; steep them in a basin with a little oil, vinegar, pepper and salt; drain them on a cloth; dish them up in a pyramidal form on a thick bed of seasoned shred lettuces; mask them all over smoothly with some white Mayonnaise sauce, No. 37; garnish round the base with a border of neatly cut quarters of hard-boiled eggs, the hearts of lettuces, olives, fillets of anchovies, or croutons of aspic jelly; ornament the top with a few sprigs of tarragon or chervil!' Oh, Algernon, Algernon, *isn't it sweet?*"

HUSBAND.—"*Lovely*, my own! Begin again just where you mask them all over with the Mayonnaise sauce, you know, and *read slowly.*"

Old Saws Reset.

Evince an amatory disposition toward myself; let your deportment to my quadruped be also affectionate.

Habitants of æther, similarly plumed, gregariously assemble.

That blast of Æolus is indeed malevolent that benefiteth not, though homœopathically, some portion of humanity.

A natural production of the feathered tribe, properly secured, is more than equivalent to a greater number in a comparative state of freedom.

Dwellers in crystal palaces should refrain from the propulsion of irregular shaped particles of granite formation.

That rustic pathway is indubitably longitudinal that hath no circumvolution.

BY THE WAY.—A worthy old clergyman in a Scotch town is very absent-minded, and has a short memory. It is a common habit with him in the pulpit to forget something, and then, after sitting down, to rise up again, and begin his supplementary remarks with the expression, "By-the-way." A few Sundays ago he got half-way through a prayer, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without closing. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his fore-finger at the amazed congregation, he said,—"Oh! by-the-way,—Amen!"

An elderly lady of Norwich who was handling a set of false teeth in a dental office and admiring the fluency with which the doctor described them, asked him: "Can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madam, mastication can be performed with a facility scarcely equalled by nature herself," responded the doctor. "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?"

A laughable incident took place in the parlor of the Union Hotel at Saratoga a day or two ago. Two countrymen were gaping around the room, when a lady approached wearing a fashionable trail. One of the party dodged it, but the other walked straight across it, and on finding out his error apologized with—"I beg your pardon, madam; I thought you had passed some time ago."

LONG SERMONS.—A Scotch minister recently told his neighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous.

"Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbor.

"Aw, nae," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—*Young Gent.*—"ght I ask you, miss—ah—" *Miss*—"sorry, sir; but I am engaged for the e dances." *Y. G.*—"It is not dan- it is—it's—beg your pardon, miss; ing on my hat!"

D OF A QUARREL.—*Stern* off that noise, directly, y! It's all over now, rying these ten mis- Bertha began crying

SIGNS OF THE BATHING SEASON.

"How is this, Mr. Tonge? You have not sent home my travelling chignon, yet?"

"Beg pardon, M'm, I'm sure. But the fact is, we've been so busy makin' up our seaside back 'air."

THE STORM OF AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MAYDEW.

There's a tremulous hush in the autumn air,
And a mist o'er land and sea;
There's a gray, gray pall on earth and sky,
And the partridge calls and the sea-birds cry,
And the waves make melody.

A fitful breath of the autumn wind
Blows the light mist here and there;
There's a pearly tint grows out of the gray,
Half forming the hope of a sunny day,
But the hush is in the air.

Still fitfully, fitfully comes the wind,
With a low and plaintive sigh;
The dead leaves rustle and scatter the ground,
And whirl in eddies around and around,
As the blast comes moaning by.

Then drop by drop, with a musical sound,
The rain comes pattering soft,
Slowly at first, with a tremulous fall,
As doubting to break through the misty pall,
And pausing at intervals oft.

But slowly and steadily now it swells,
And falls in a rythmic chime,
While the winds aron lend a deeper tone,
And the waves roll up with a mournful moan,
And the surge becomes sublime.

And onward still and on it swells,
And the sea more darkly rolls;
The grim storm king is aroused at last,
And the waves dash on in the maddened blast
With their freight of human souls.

Above the furious roll and the roar
Booms a sound deep fraught with fear;
Stern men half stagger, brave hearts grow chill,
As knell upon knell it is borne to them still—
Now nearer, and yet more near.

All hearts are hushed, as across the gale
Sharply rings death's fearful call!
Then the guns are still and the ship goes down,
And women and children and men all drown,
And the storm sweeps on over all.

The Turkish and Circassian Ladies.

A recent English traveller, Mrs. Harvey, with several other ladies, recently visited Turkey in a yacht. When they had been a few weeks at Constantinople, and had visited some half-dozen harems, the English ladies began to think they knew something about Turkish life; and it was not until they had been there several months, and had become acquainted with the families of most of the principal pachas, ministers, &c., that they discovered how little they really knew about it.

The following is Mrs. Harvey's testimony to the effect produced upon her by increased knowledge: "Time and more intimate knowledge of their character only increased our liking and admiration for the Turks, both men and women. Benevolence and kindness are the chief characteristics of both sexes. During the whole period of our stay in Turkey, we never saw even a child ill-treat an animal. Travellers, especially women, are seldom sufficiently conversant with the laws of a country to be able to expatiate with much accuracy on such matters. Turkish laws are said to be bad; perhaps they are so, but certainly there are few cities in Europe where the streets can be so safely traversed, both by night and day, as those of Constantinople. Turkish manners, too, are peculiarly agreeable. Turks are not ashamed to show that they wish to please, and have not yet adopted that brusquerie of manner which is becoming so prevalent in the West. Even in the seclusion of home, the master of a family is treated with a respectful deference which would astonish many Christian sons, who, unhappily, often now only look upon their father as the purse-holder, out of whom they must wring as much money as possible." They found the Turkish ladies, especially of the imperial family, intelligent, gentle, kind, and friendly, and had frequent opportunities of observing the absurd fallacy of the popular notion of their degradation of intellect and want of influence. There are tragedies in Turkish domestic life, no doubt—it is said that occasionally an erring odalisk disappears, and no troublesome questions are asked; but the records of our English police courts ought to prevent such contemptible folly as our boasting of a superior civilization in these respects.

The Circassian women, concerning whom we have read such marvels, in prose and verse, are declared by Mrs. Harvey to be not generally good-looking (though very great beauties are sometimes seen among them), and those of the Abasian province are decidedly plain. "The national dress," says the writer, "does not heighten their charms. They usually wear loose Turkish trowsers, made of white cotton, and a peculiarly frightful upper garment of some dark cloth, made precisely like the coats worn by High Church clergymen—tight and straight, and buttoned from the throat to the feet. A striped shawl is sometimes twisted round them like an apron. A blue gauze veil is thrown over the head, and their hair, which is generally long and thick, is worn in two heavy plaits that hang down behind. The beauties who obtain such great reputation in Constantinople and the West, almost invariably come from Georgia and the valleys near El Beroux. In those districts the women have magnificent eyes and fair complexions."

It has an odd effect to find Mrs. Harvey lamenting that they had "arrived *too late in the season* to see the good-looking girls;" and a still more odd effect when she explains this vexatious circumstance in the simple words, *they have all been sold.* Early in the year, the traders arrive from time to time, and Circassian parents do not object to dispose of their daughters for a consideration; they only do it with more candor and less cant than Belgravian parents. It is said that the "moon-eyed" beauties themselves, far from making things unpleasant, are delighted to escape from the tedium of house-life, and to take their chance of being purchased by a rich pacha. For occidental parallels see the "fashionable intelligence" *passim.*

The Curfew.

Many of our readers know that the nine o'clock bell at night, so common in many cities, is an English custom, begun under William the Conqueror, and called the curfew bell, from French words, meaning to cover the fire. It was rung as a signal to all his subjects to put out their fires. A recent critic doubts if it was intended as a despotic act. He says:

"I think sharper historical research throws great doubt whether this was a despotic act. The eight o'clock hour was precisely our midnight, and of course no unreasonable hour for making the fires secure. It is positively affirmed that the curfew law *did not require the extinguishing* of all fire, but that it should be covered with turf or slow-burning coal. The ground of this requisition, and certainly the only natural one, it is believed, was the prudent desire of the king to secure greater safety of the wooden-built cities from exposure to general conflagration,—a danger of no slight character, as may be seen from the great fire in London, Sept. 2, 1666.

☞ We are judged usually, says George Wm. Curtis, by our public successes, by the esteem of distinguished persons. But the real test of character is the feeling of those before whom we play no part. If a man's children confide in him—if all whom he employs at home and in his business feel that he is full of thought and sympathy for them as for brethren—if those who meet him perceive the charm of his urbanity, and as they draw nearer and know him better, honor and love him more and more, we may be very sure that he has the noblest human qualities, whose influence will be a possession to us forever.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good mold is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

F. B. S. (Towanda, Pa.) writes: "I am thirty-five years of age. I have lately met a young lady of twenty-two, whom I think would just suit me for a wife. I cannot say that I am exactly in love with her yet, but am very well pleased with her and could learn to love her. It has always seemed to me though that so great a discrepancy in ages is unnatural, and is likely to produce an unhappy marriage. Please give me your advice on this point. Would you advise me to risk marrying under the circumstances?" No. Not under the circumstances as you give them. First you don't love her now, but think you may learn to love her. Possibly you may not prove an apt scholar, and may fail to learn this lesson. Second, it is not probable that she loves you, and yet this is usually considered an important point. Again there may be insuperable objections on the score of disposition, fortune, social position, &c. The difference in your ages alone is not likely to produce unhappiness, but we cannot advise you to marry without you give us more certain data.

MONKEY (Sandusky, O.,) asks: "Are there any cases which will justify a young girl in leaving home without the consent of her parents? My father is urging me to marry a man whom I detest, and I am secretly engaged to a gentleman whom I love with all my soul. I am nineteen years old, and of course under my father's control yet, and I fear he will force me into a marriage with this abhorred suitor. My lover has been forbidden the house, and I am unable to see him. I think seriously of leaving home and trusting myself to the mercies of the world. I am a good musician and might earn a living by teaching. My lover has advised me to do so, or is willing to marry and support me at any moment. Will you not advise me what I had best do. I am in a state of suspense till I hear from you, and hope you will give me an immediate answer." We do not feel that we can give any answer which will aid in relieving you from the unpleasant circumstances under which your ill fortune has placed you. We cannot advise you to leave home at your age, nor to disobey your parents' commands in any reasonable matter. Of course no one should, under any circumstances, marry a man whom she detests. Yet if you exercise at home a portion of the energy necessary to leave home and make your way in the world, you cannot be forced into a marriage against your will. Wait till you are legally of age, and a reasonable time afterward, and if then your father still persists in urging you to marry a man whom you cannot love, you will have more warrant to take the law into your own hands.

WILLIAM (Pinckneyville, Ill.) writes: "I wish to ask a question or two, to be answered in your correspondents' column. 1st. I am keeping company with a young lady, whom I love, and who, I have every reason to believe, loves me in return. But her father is opposed to my going with her, and all the reason that I know of why he is opposed to me is because he and I differ in our religious opinions. He is a Methodist, while I and the young lady are both Baptists. 2d. Will you publish an enigma that is sent in by any one?" You give us a statement of a very unlucky condition of affairs, but as you ask no question, we do not know precisely what advice you need. It would seem as if Christians differing so slightly in their belief might clasp hands in Christian charity. If all of you are too set in your ways to change, we do not know what else you can do, except to try and win the father's consent by an exhibition of those private virtues which have nothing to do with your particular religious belief. 2d. We will publish your enigma, if we find it suitable for our columns.

A. P. T. (Smithville, Ala.) writes: "I will avail myself of the opportunity which your correspondents' column gives to ask you a question. We have a very noisy neighbor. He begins to whistle as soon as he gets up in the morning, and never ceases until sleep overpowers him. It is said he whistles while in the land of dreams. Now will you be so kind as to advise us what mode to pursue to rid ourselves of this annoying fuss?" We sympathise with you in your affliction, and can well understand how one, with a poor ear for music, must get tired of everlasting harping on a harp of a single string. Still we hardly know how you are going to stop it. The law will not take hold of a man's private right to whistle. But on the same plea you can claim the privilege of cultivating music, and we should advise you to learn to play the kettle drum, or to commence practice on the fife, and drown his whistle in less melodious noise. If this will not work, you had better buy the house he lives in, and give him warning to leave, or else sell your own and emigrate to some quieter locality.

H. wishes us to answer, without publishing, his question. We prefer to give questions in full, but in this case will comply with his wish. We do not profess to know anything about medicinal specifics, as we are a hearty old Post, and avoid anything like quackery. It is our rule never to take any medicine when we can avoid it, and, if we are forced to that disagreeable alternative, to employ an intelligent physician to tell us what is good for our internal regions. We suppose that Quinine is good for the Ague, and Vaccination for Small Pox, but whether Sarsaparilla is good to purify the blood, or Old Plantation Bitters as a tonic, &c., &c., we could not pretend to say.

L. B. (Fulton, N. Y.,) asks: "Can any of your correspondents inform me in what way to make use of the Ash Berry? I have been told that people use them, but they cannot tell me how, or what for." Various uses are made of the berries of the ash in different parts of the world. Thus in Sweden, and some other countries, they are eaten, when ripe, as fruit; and a very good spirit is distilled from them. In other parts of Northern Europe, they are dried and ground into flour, which is used in times of scarcity. Infused in water they make an acid drink, which is used in Wales, by the poor. In Java, the juice of the ash berry is used as an acid in the making of punch. Finally, the German fowlers bait springes with them, for the purpose of attracting red wings and fieldfares.

C. A. B. (Frankford, Ky.,) asks: "Can you inform me of a good work on Composition? Will you please inform me of the best work on short-hand writing, and what time it would take to learn it thoroughly? Is it possible to learn the German language without the aid of a teacher—and if so, what length of time would it take?" Henry N. Day's "Art of English Composition," may serve your purpose. Graham's "Hand Book of Phonography" is the best American work on the subject. The time depends entirely on the ability of the learner. If you should develop a remarkable talent for short-hand, and practice several hours a day, you might become efficient within a year. Otherwise we really cannot limit the time. German may be learned without a teacher. The time depends entirely on the quality of your memory, and your talent for acquiring languages. You will find it no trifling task.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Latest Reports from the Crops.

The thorough moistening which the earth has received the past week, from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, has had a very salutary effect upon the crop prospects of the country, and farmers, who are apt to be the most discouraged people in the world, begin to talk more hopefully of their future. In Nebraska, alternate warm showers and sunshine have brought corn forward with astonishing rapidity, and given it a healthy color and substantial proportions; and the effect of the last rain everywhere will be more immediate and beneficial upon this crop than any other. From Wisconsin there comes the unvarying report that grain of all kinds was never known to be more promising at this stage of the season. There is some murmuring in Illinois at the ravages of the fly and rust in wheat, but in spite of these destroyers there will be a fully average crop. The same is true of Western Missouri, while in Kansas the general increase over last year will be considerable. Harvesting of wheat and barley has commenced in some parts of Missouri and Illinois, the warm, dry weather having made it necessary two weeks earlier than last year.

The whole known category of destructive insects seem to have selected this season in the Western states to form a combination of offense. The potato bugs have assailed the potatoes; the seventeen year locusts, where they have paid their visits, have assailed everything, and now, through certain portions of Illinois, Iowa, etc., the orchards are being desolated by the army and measuring worms. The web worm, which constructs its tenement around a hill of corn after the manner of a spider, is consuming the cornfields of Pennsylvania; no seed has been sown in many parts of Utah, owing to the watchfulness of the grasshoppers for the first sprout, and the curculio is growing fleshy wherever there is a plum or cherry tree. In spite of all these drawbacks, however, a good deal will be saved for human consumption.

The cotton crop in Louisiana has suffered from an excess of what other sections have lacked—rain; and as a consequence it is backward and grassy, and a large crop is simply impossible. Good judges are now estimating the cotton crop of the whole South at not more than 2,500,000 bales, but the remainder of the season must be very bad indeed, not to allow this estimate to be exceeded.—*Springfield Republican.*

IT is related of an English farmer that he condensed his practical experience into this rule: Feed your land before it is hungry, rest it before it is weary, and weed it before it is foul.

Items.

—M. J. Carter writes to the Rural New Yorker that if those who have crib-biting horses will nail a sheepskin, wool side up, wherever there is a chance for the horse to bite, he will not do very much cribbing in the stable. His father has tried it successfully.

—Tennessee farmers are in clover, five feet high.

—Kansas stock raisers are selling their cattle and investing in sheep, since the rise in wool.

—Florida will have better paying crops in 1871, as a whole, than in any year since the war.

—Peaches have been so abundant in Maryland, that the farmers feed them to their stock.

—A recent day's work on a California ranch was to cut and thresh 2,525 bushels of wheat.

—The prices of improved farms in California are lower than they were three years ago.

—Sixteen thousand young trees were carried over a railroad in Nebraska, not long ago, in a single day. This shows that the farmers on the Western prairies are awake to the importance of planting trees on their lands.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Omit my first, and I am a species of vegetable.

Cut off my first and second, and I am an animal.

My 4, 3, 1, 5, represents a youth in much favor among the nobility in ancient times.
My 4, 5, 3, is a vegetable.
My 2, 3, 4, is a blow.
My 4, 5, 3, 2, is a fruit.
My 4, 5, 1, is a kind of pin.
My 2, 5, 3, 4, is an operation pertaining to farming.
My 3, 3, 2, belongs to the head.
My 1, 3, 4, 5, signifies an act of astonishment or surprise.
My 2, 3, 1, is a fragment.
My whole is a delicious fruit.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

No rose can boast a livelier hue
Than I can when my birth is new;
Of shorter life than that sweet flower,
I bloom and fade within the hour,
Like Marplot, eager to reveal
The secret I would fain conceal!

Word Square.

A bird.
To travel.
A northern god.
Has gone.

ALBERT ARMAND.

Biblical Word Square.

A city built on hills.
A Jewish prophet.
A Bible word signifying "he is numbered."
A beautiful garden.

ISOLA.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are cowardly soldiers like Lord Nelson? Ans.—Because the last thing he did was to die for his country; and that is about the last thing they intend doing!

☞ Why is a corn-field like an army of soldiers? Ans.—Both have kernels.

☞ Why is a corn-field not like an army of soldiers? Ans.—The first has many kernels to one ear, the other has many ears to one kernel.

☞ What plants grow splendidly at watering places? Ans.—Hops.

☞ Why is a carpenter's wife an unhappy woman? Ans.—Because her husband is always a jawin' 'er—(joiner.)

☞ Why is it vulgar to use a wooden platter for the loaf? Ans.—Why, of course, because it is so underbred.

☞ What bug is it that flourishes all the year round? Ans.—Humbug.

☞ When is a card-player a shabby fellow? Ans.—When he shuffles.

☞ Why is Thiers like an umbrella? Ans.—Because he keeps Napoleon from the reign.

☞ What confection did they have in the Ark? Ans.—Married couples—no, no, we beg pardon—we mean preserved pairs.

Answers to Last.

METAGRAM—Bay, fay, boy, bad.
BIBLICAL WORD SQUARE—

A M O N
M I R E
O R E B
N E B O

WORD SQUARE—

R A R E
A R E A
R E A R
E A R N

RECEIPTS.

PRESERVING GREEN CORN.—M. W. A., of Deerfield, New Jersey, hoped to hear from some one in regard to her method of preserving green corn, given in Saturday Evening Post of September 16. I, with pleasure indorse her recipe, as I have for two years preserved green corn in this same manner with one exception, I boil the corn before packing. J. E. H.

PRESERVED GINGER.—Pare the roots of green ginger and lay in cold water fifteen minutes. Boil in three waters, changing the hot for cold every time until very tender; drain and lay in ice water. For the syrup, allow a pound and a quarter of sugar for every pound of ginger, and a cupful of water for each pound of sugar. Boil, and skim until the scum ceases to rise. When the syrup is cold, wipe the ginger dry and drop it in. Let it stand twenty-four hours. Drain off and reheat the syrup. This time put the ginger in when blood warm. Do not look at it again for two days. Then reboil the syrup, and pour over the ginger scalding hot. In a week drain off once more, boil, and add again while hot to the ginger; cover closely. It will be fit for use in a fortnight.

SPICED GRAPES.—To five pounds of grapes and four pounds of sugar, add a pint of vinegar and two tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice respectively. Boil slowly until done.